BELL'S EDITION

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUC[illegible] to CR[illegible]ILL.

MOORE.

Then bending drew it to the Head;
Inraptured flood the loveſick Maid.

Rebeau del. *Bartolozzi sculp.*

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand May 5th 1782.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDWARD MOORE.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Truth under fiction I impart
To weed out folly from the heart.——
I flatter none: the great and good
Are by their actions understood ——
I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain:
To these detesting praise I write,
And vent in charity my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all promiscuous as they pass;
Should Folly there her likeness view
I fret not that the mirror's true:
If the fantastick form offend
I made it not but would amend.——
Premising this your anger spare,
And claim the Fable you who dare.

FABLE I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EDWARD MOORE.

ESQ.

FOREIGN WORKS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDWARD MOORE.

CONTAINING HIS

FABLES, ‖ MISCELLANIES,

ODES, ‖ SONGS,

&c. &c. &c.

Truth under fiction I impart
To weed out folly from the heart.——
I flatter none: the great and good
Are by their actions underſtood.——
I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my ſtrain:
To theſe deteſting praiſe I write,
And vent in charity my ſpite;
With friendly hand I hold the glaſs
To all promiſe'ous as they paſs;
Should Folly there her likeneſs view
I fret not that the mirror 's true:
If the fantaſtick form offend
I made it not but would amend.——
Premiſing this your anger ſpare,
And claim the Fable you who dare.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY APOLLO PRESS, BY THE MARTINS.

June 1781.

THE LIFE OF

EDWARD MOORE.

OF the life of this ingenious writer few particulars are known, and none reſpecting his deſcent, birth, education, or death; at leaſt none which we have been able to diſcover.

Mr. Moore was bred a linendraper, but whether from a ſtronger attachment to the ſtudy than the counter, from a more ardent zeal in the purſuit of fame than in the ſearch after fortune, or whether from the cauſe aſſigned by our Author himſelf in the Preface to the quarto edition of his works in 1756, that "his "marriage with the Muſes, like moſt other marriages "into that noble family, was more from neceſſity than "inclination," he quitted buſineſs to join the retinue of theſe ladies; and he certainly had a very happy and pleaſant talent in poetry. In his Trial of Selim the Perſian, which is a compliment to the firſt and worthy Lord Lyttelton, he has ſhewn himſelf a perfect maſter of the moſt elegant kind of panegyrick, that which is couched under the appearance of accuſation; and his

Fables for the Female Sex, not only in the freedom and eaſe of the verſification, but alſo in the forcibleneſs of the moral and poignancy of the ſatire, approach nearer to the manner of Mr. Gay than any of the numerous imitations of that author which have been attempted ſince the publication of his Fables.

As a dramatick writer Mr. Moore has by no means met with the ſucceſs his pieces have merited, which are three in number, The Foundling and Gil Blas, comedies, and The Gameſter, a tragedy. The firſt has been condemned for its ſuppoſed reſemblance to the celebrated comedy of The Conſcious Lovers; and The Gameſter met with a cold reception for no other apparent reaſon but becauſe it too nearly touched a favourite and faſhionable vice†. Yet on the whole his plots are intereſting, his characters well drawn, his ſentiments delicate, and his language poetical and pleaſing; and what crowns all and more forcibly claims for his Writings publick notice, the greateſt purity pervades the whole, the obvious tendency of every piece being the promotion of morality and virtue; as is indeed obſerved by the Author himſelf in the Preface already referred to, when ſpeaking of his

† The Gameſter was alſo objected to as too proſaick in the language, and too horrible in the cataſtrophe, as obſerved and apologized for by the Author in his Preface to The Gameſter, quarto edition of 1756.

Writings in general; "Such as the Work now is I sub-
"mit it to the publick. Defects in it there are many.
"—Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to
"name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and
"*tending to promote virtue.*"

Mr. Moore married a lady of the name of Hamilton, daughter to the Tabledecker to the Princeſſes: ſhe had a poetical turn, and has been ſaid to have aſſiſted her huſband in the writing of his plays. One ſpecimen of her poetry was handed about before their marriage, and has ſince appeared in different collections of ſongs. It was addreſſed to a daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, and begins with the following ſtanza:

Would you think it my Duck! for the fault I muſt own,
Your Jenny at laſt is quite covetous grown;
Tho' millions if Fortune ſhould lavishly pour
I ſtill ſhould be wretched if I had not *More*.

After half-a-dozen other ſtanzas, in which with great ingenuity and delicacy, and yet in a manner that expreſſes a ſincere affection, ſhe has quibbled on our Author's name, ſhe concludes with the following lines:

You will wonder my Girl! who this dear one can be
Whoſe merit can boaſt ſuch a conqueſt as me;
But you ſh' n't know his name, tho' I told you before;
It begins with an M, but I dare not ſay *More*.

In the year 1753 Mr. Moore commenced a weekly

miscellaneous paper entitled The World, by Adam Fitz-Adam, in which undertaking he was assisted by Lord Chesterfield and other distinguished characters. This paper was collected and published in four volumes; and Mr. Moore died soon thereafter.

PREFACE.

Most of the following Poems have already made their appearance in detached pieces, but as many of them were printed without a name I was adviſed by ſome particular friends to collect them into a volume and publiſh them by ſubſcription. The painful taſk of ſoliciting ſuch a ſubſcription was chiefly undertaken by thoſe friends, and with ſuch ſpirit and zeal that I ſhould be greatly wanting in gratitude if I neglected any opportunity either publick or private of making them my moſt ſincere acknowledgments. I am alſo obliged to a very valuable friend in Ireland for a conſiderable number of ſubſcribers in that kingdom, a liſt of whoſe names I have not been favoured with, and for which I was deſired not to delay publication. I mention this ſeeming neglect that my friends on that ſide the water may not accuſe me of any diſreſpect.

Such as the Work now is I ſubmit it to the publick. Defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wiſh. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good-humour. Thoſe parts of it that have been publiſhed ſingly had the good fortune to pleaſe; thoſe that are now added will I hope be no diſcredit to them. Upon the whole, I have ſent this my offſpring into the world in as decent a dreſs as I

was able: a legitimate one I am ſure it is; and if it ſhould be thought defective in ſtrength, ſpirit, or vigour, let it be conſidered that its father's marriage with the Muſes, like moſt other marriages into that noble family, was more from neceſſity than inclination.

TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS HOLLES,

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

HAD I the honour of being perſonally known to your Grace I had not thus preſumptuouſly addreſſed you without previous ſolicitation for ſo great an indulgence; but that your Grace may neither be ſurpriſed nor offended at the liberty I am taking my plea is, that the great and good man whoſe name is prefixed to the firſt of theſe Poems was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind aſſurances he was pleaſed to give me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loſs amidſt the general concern. It is from theſe favours and aſſurances that I flatter myſelf with having a kind of privilege to addreſs your Grace upon this occaſion, and to entreat your patronage of the following ſheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham except that of honouring his virtues, and wiſhing to have been ſerviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your Grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous intention of the brother whom you loved your Grace will not think me unworthy of ſome ſmall ſhare of that notice with which he was once pleaſed to honour me.

I will not detain your Grace to echo back the voice of a whole people in favour of your juſt and prudent adminiſtration of publick affairs: that the ſalutary meaſures you are purſuing may be as productive of tranquillity and honour to your Grace as they are of happineſs to theſe kingdoms is the ſincere wiſh of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

moſt humble,

moſt obedient, and

moſt devoted ſervant,

Tully's Head, Pall-Mall,
Feb. 28th, 1756.

EDWARD MOORE.

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

To her Royal Highneſs

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moral lay to beauty due
I write Fair Excellence! to you,
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to ſweeten your's.
Truth under fiction I impart
To weed out folly from the heart,
And ſhew the paths that lead aſtray
The wand'ring nymph from Wiſdom's way.
I flatter none: the great and good
Are by their actions underſtood:
Your monument if actions raiſe
Shall I deface by idle praiſe?
I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my ſtrain:

To theſe deteſting praiſe I write,
And vent in charity my ſpite:
With friendly hand I hold the glaſs
To all promiſc'ous as they paſs;
Should Folly there her likeneſs view
I fret not that the mirror 's true:
If the fantaſtick form offend
I made it not but would amend.
Virtue in ev'ry clime and age
Spurns at the folly-ſoothing page,
While ſatire that offends the ear
Of Vice and Paſſion pleaſes her.
Premiſing this your anger ſpare,
And claim the Fable you who dare.

The birds in place, by factions preſs'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs addreſs'd:
By ſpecious lies the ſtate was vex'd,
Their counſels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to ſtop ſeditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their ſuit. The Eagle ſat
Decider of the grand debate.
The Pie, to truſt and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permiſſion to be heard:
Says he, "Prolixity of phraſe
"You know I hate. This libel ſays

" Some birds there are who prone to noiſe
" Are hir'd to ſilence Wiſdom's voice,
" And ſkill'd to chatter out the hour
" Riſe by their emptineſs to pow'r.
" That this is aim'd direct at me
" No doubt you 'll readily agree;
" Yet well this ſage aſſembly knows
" By parts to government I roſe;
" My prudent counſels prop the ſtate;
" Magpies were never known to prate."
The Kite roſe up; his honeſt heart
In virtue's ſuff'rings bore a part.
" That there were birds of prey he knew,
" So far the libeller ſaid true,
" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
" Who knew no int'reſt but their own,
" Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard
" Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling, ſpar'd:
" This might be true, but if apply'd
" To him, in troth the ſtand'rer ly'd:
" Since ign'rance then might be miſled
" Such things he thought were beſt unſaid."
The Crow was vex'd: as yeſter-morn
He flew acroſs the newſown corn
A ſcreaming boy was ſet for pay
He knew to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.

The Owl aroſe with ſolemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the caſe:
"That Magpies prate it may be true,
"A Kite may be voracious too,
"Crows ſometimes deal in newſown peaſe;
"He libels not who ſtrikes at theſe:
"The ſlander 's here—" But there are birds
"Whoſe wiſdom lies in looks not words,
"Blund'rers who level in the dark,
"And always ſhoot beſide the mark.
"He names not me, but theſe are hints
"Which manifeſt at whom he ſquints;
"I were indeed that blund'ring fowl
"To queſtion if he meant an owl."
"Ye Wretches hence!" the Eagle cries,
"'Tis conſcience, conſcience that applies;
"The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
"Secur'd by innocence from harm,
"While Guilt and his aſſociate Fear
"Are ſtartled at the paſſing air."

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man who ſeeks to win the fair
(So cuſtom ſays) muſt truth forbear,
Muſt fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raiſe the goddeſs to the ſky,

For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeneſs which ſhe cannot bear.
A rudeneſs! yes: I ſpeak my thoughts,
For Truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched Cloe! then am I
Who love you and yet cannot lie,
And ſtill to make you leſs my friend
I ſtrive your errours to amend!
But ſhall the ſenſeleſs fop impart
The ſofteſt paſſion to your heart,
While he who tells you honeſt truth,
And points to happineſs your youth,
Determines by his care his lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?
Truſt me my Dear! with greater eaſe
Your taſte for flatt'ry I could pleaſe,
And ſimilies in each dull line
Like glow-worms in the dark ſhould ſhine.
What if I ſay your lips diſcloſe
The freſhneſs of the op'ning roſe?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs?
Yet certain as theſe flow'rs ſhall fade
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.
The butterfly of various hue
More than the flow'r reſembles you,
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, buſy, thing,
To pleaſure ever on the wing,

Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die and n'er be thought of more!
Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast,
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve or levity.
Goodnatur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art,
Humility enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known,
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.
These are the charms which ne'er decay
Tho' youth and beauty fade away;
And time which all things else removes
Still heightens virtue and improves.
You 'll frown and ask to what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I 'll spare the question, and confess
I 'd praise you if I lov'd you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther of majestick port,
(The vainest female of the court)

With ſpotted ſkin and eyes of fire,
Fill'd ev'ry boſom with deſire:
Where'er ſhe mov'd a ſervile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Aſſemblies ev'ry week ſhe held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
Where noiſe, and nonſenſe, and grimace,
And lies and ſcandal, fill'd the place.
Behold the gay fantaſtick thing
Encircled by the ſpacious ring:
Low-bowing with important look
As firſt in rank the Monkey ſpoke.
" Gad take me Madam! but I ſwear
" No angel ever look'd ſo fair!
" Forgive my rudeneſs, but I vow
" You were not quite divine till now!
" Thoſe limbs! that ſhape! and then thoſe eyes!
" O! cloſe them or the gazer dies!"
" Nay, gentle Pug! for goodneſs huſh;
" I vow and ſwear you make me bluſh:
" I ſhall be angry at this rate;
" 'Tis ſo like flatt'ry, which I hate."
The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
To which the fair have vaſt pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they ſtrive not to attain,

And play'd ſo cunningly his part
That Pug was rivall'd in his art.
The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durſt not name,
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning underſtood.
Half angry at the bold addreſs
She frown'd; but yet ſhe muſt confeſs
Such beauties might inflame his blood;
But ſtill his phraſe was ſomewhat rude.
The Hog her neatneſs much admir'd,
The formal Aſs her ſwiftneſs fir'd,
While all to feed her folly ſtrove,
And by their praiſes ſhar'd her love.
The Horſe, whoſe gen'rous heart diſdain'd
Applauſe by ſervile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage ſilence broke,
And thus with indignation ſpoke:
"When flatt'ring Monkies fawn and prate
"They juſtly raiſe contempt or hate,
"For merit is turn'd to ridicule
"Applauded by the grinning fool.
"The artful Fox your wit commends
"To lure you to his ſelfiſh ends;
"From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
"For knaves make friendſhips to betray.
"Diſmiſs the train of fops and fools,
"And learn to live by wiſdom's rules.

" Such beauties might the Lion warm
" Did not your folly break the charm;
" For who would court that lovely ſhape
" To be the rival of an Ape?"
He ſaid, and ſnorting in diſdain
Spurn'd at the crowd and ſought the plain.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

The prudent nymph whoſe cheeks diſcloſe
The lily and the bluſhing roſe
From publick view her charms will ſcreen
And rarely in the crowd be ſeen;
This ſimple truth ſhall keep her wiſe,
" The faireſt fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, " Sure there never was in Nature
" So elegant ſo fine a creature!
" All other inſects that I ſee,
" The frugal ant, induſtrious bee,
" Or ſilkworm, with contempt I view,
" With all that low mechanick crew
" Who ſervilely their lives employ
" In bus'neſs, enemy to joy.

" Mean vulgar Herd! ye are my ſcorn;
" For grandeur only I was born,
" Or ſure am ſprung from race divine,
" And plac'd on earth to live and ſhine:
" Thoſe lights that ſparkle ſo on high
" Are but the Glow-worms of the ſky,
" And kings on earth their gems admire
" Becauſe they imitate my fire."
She ſpoke: attentive on a ſpray
A Nightingale forebore his lay;
He ſaw the ſhining morſel near,
And flew directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with ſober look,
And thus the trembling prey beſpoke:
" Deluded Fool! with pride elate,
" Know it is thy beauty brings thy fate;
" Leſs dazzling long thou might'ſt have lain
" Unheeded on the velvet plain.
" Pride ſoon or late degraded mourns,
" And Beauty wrecks whom ſhe adorns."

FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

Sixteen, d' ye ſay? Nay then it is time;
Another year deſtroys your prime.
But ſtay—The ſettlement! "That is made."
Why then is my ſimple girl afraid?

Yet hold a moment if you can,
And heedfully the fable ſcan.

The ſhades were fled, the morning bluſh'd,
The winds were in their caverns huſh'd,
When Hymen, penſive and ſedate,
Held o'er the fields his muſing gait:
Behind him thro' the greenwood ſhade
Death's meagre form the god ſurvey'd,
Who quickly with gigantick ſtride
Outwent his pace and join'd his ſide;
The chat on various ſubjects ran
Till angry Hymen thus began:

"Relentleſs Death! whoſe iron ſway
"Mortals reluctant muſt obey,
"Still of thy pow'r ſhall I complain,
"And thy too partial hand arraign?
"When Cupid brings a pair of hearts
"All over ſtuck with equal darts,
"Thy cruel ſhafts my hopes deride,
"And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.
"Shall not the bloody and the bold,
"The miſer hoarding up his gold,
"The harlot reeking from the ſtew,
"Alone thy fell revenge purſue?
"But muſt the gentle and the kind
"Thy fury undiſtinguiſh'd find?"

The monarch calmly thus reply'd:
" Weigh well the cauſe and then decide.
" That friend of your's you lately nam'd,
" Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
" Then let the charge be juſtly laid:
" That idle boy neglects his trade,
" And hardly once in twenty years
" A couple to your temple bears.
" The wretches whom your office blends
" Silenus now or Plutus ſends,
" Hence care, and bitterneſs, and ſtrife,
" Are common to the nuptial life.
" Believe me, more than all mankind
" Your vot'ries my compaſſion find;
" Yet cruel am I call'd and baſe
" Who ſeek the wretched to releaſe,
" The captive from his bonds to free,
" Indiſſoluble but for me.
" 'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
" By me your crowded altars ſmoke;
" For mortals boldly dare the nooſe,
" Secure that Death will ſet them looſe.

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY Cælia! is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bedgown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Thoſe clouds that ſhade your blooming face
A little water might diſplace,
As Nature ev'ry morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew to cleanſe the roſe;
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray Madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay then indeed the wonder ceaſes;
No matter now how looſe your dreſs is:
The end is won, your fortune 's made,
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity it is to find
This fault in half the female kind!

From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt than ſubdue:
Admit us once behind the ſcreen
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your huſband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs
That gave your beauty pow'r to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean:
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And Time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.

In garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A Poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft ſo ſmooth his verſe, you 'd ſwear
Apollo and the Muſes there.
Thro' all the Town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung;

High waving o'er his lab'ring head
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetick fury fir'd
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble youth of taſte and wit
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And ſought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board,
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politicks and news,
Neglected lay the drooping Muſe;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetick flame;
Nor tale nor ſonnet for my lady,
Lampoon nor epigram, was ready.
With juſt contempt his Patron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus with anger in his look
The late-repenting fool beſpoke:
" Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
" Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?

" Delighted with thy tuneful art,
" Eſteem was growing in my heart,
" But idly thou reject'ſt the charm
" That gave it birth and kept it warm."
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts that taught them firſt to riſe.

FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands the parent's voice
Should ſanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience ſhown,
To chuſe belongs to her alone.
May horrour ſeize his midnight hour
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims by purchaſe vile and baſe
The loathing maid for his embrace!
Hence virtue ſickens, and the breaſt
Where Peace had built her downy neſt
Becomes the troubled ſeat of care,
And pines with anguiſh and deſpair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whoſe nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his illſpent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His purpoſe known the ſavage race
In num'rous crowds attend the place,
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance ſought;
But cold by age, or elſe too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd as at early dawn
He ſolitary croſs'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold a ſportive Lamb
Skipp'd wanton by her fleecy dam,
When Cupid, foe to man and beaſt,
Diſcharg'd an arrow at his breaſt.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimbleſt ſpeed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous thus the dam beſpoke:
"Stay Faireſt! and ſuſpend your fear;
"Truſt me no enemy is near:
"Theſe jaws, in ſlaughter oft' imbru'd,
"At length have known enough of blood,
"And kinder buſ'neſs brings me now
"Vanquiſh'd at Beauty's feet to bow.
"You have a daughter—Sweet! forgive
"A Wolf's addreſs.—In her I live;
"Love from her eyes like lightning came
"And ſet my marrow all on flame:

" Let your conſent confirm my choice
" And ratify our nuptial joys.
" Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
" Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
" What midnight robber dare invade
" The fold if I the guard am made?
" At home the ſhepherd's cur may ſleep
" While I ſecure his maſter's ſheep."
Diſcourſe like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breaſt inflam'd:
Now fearleſs by his ſide ſhe walk'd,
Of ſettlements and jointures talk'd,
Propos'd and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields and turnip lands.
The Wolf agrees; her boſom ſwells;
To Miſs her happy fate ſhe tells,
And of the grand alliance vain
Contemns her kindred of the plain.
The loathing Lamb with horrour hears,
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain: mamma beſt knew
What unexperienc'd girls ſhould do;
So to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd
A formal aſs the couple marry'd.
Torn from the tyrant-mother's ſide
The trembler goes a victim-bride,
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.

With horrour oft' her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a ſiſter Lamb is ſerv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The craſhing bones he grinds for food,
And ſlakes his thirſt with ſtreaming blood.
Love, who the cruel mind deteſts,
And lodges but in gentle breaſts,
Was now no more: enjoyment paſt
The ſavage hunger'd for the feaſt;
But (as we find in human race
A maſk conceals the villain's face)
Juſtice muſt authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd but durſt not eat.
As forth he walk'd in queſt of prey
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight, the marſh he ſought,
The ſnuffing dogs are ſet at fault.
His ſtomach balk'd now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws;
Food muſt be had and Lamb is nigh,
His maw invokes the fraudful lie.
"Is this," (diſſembling rage) he cry'd,
"The gentle virtue of a bride,
"That leagu'd with man's deſtroying race
"She ſets her huſband for the chaſe,
"By treach'ry prompts the noiſy hound
"To ſcent his footſteps on the ground?

" Thou trait'reſs vile! for this thy blood
" Shall glut my rage and dye the wood."
So ſaying on the Lamb he flies;
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air:
The liſping tone, the ſhape conſtrain'd,
The ſtudy'd look, the paſſion feign'd,
Are fopperies which only tend
To injure what they ſtrive to mend.
With what ſuperiour grace enchants
The face which Nature's pencil paints,
Where eyes unexercis'd in art
Glow with the meaning of the heart,
Where freedom and good humour ſit,
And eaſy gaiety and wit!
Tho' perfect beauty be not there,
The maſter lines, the finiſh'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the ſight;
For beauty tho' we all approve
Excites our wonder more than love,
While the agreeable ſtrikes ſure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then my Amoret! this care
That forms you in effect less fair?
If Nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, Nature's errour, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At ev'ry publick show are seen,
With look awry and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye
And magnifies deformity.
Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art:
Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, "I laugh at human race,
"Who say Geese hobble in their pace:
"Look here! the sland'rous lie detect;
"Not haughty man is so erect.
"That peacock yonder, Lord! how vain
"The creature is of his gaudy train!
"If both were stript I 'd pawn my word
"A Goose would be the finer bird.
"Nature to hide her own defects
"Her bungled work with finery decks:
"Were Geese set off with half that show
"Would men admire the peacock? No."
Thus vaunting cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noontide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. "Why there," she cry'd,
"Again what arrogance we see!
"Those creatures! how they mimick me!
"Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim
"Because we Geese are known to swim?
"Humility they soon shall learn,
"And their own emptiness discern."
So saying, with extended wings
Lightly upon the wave she springs,
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the Swan's stately crest assumes.

Contempt and mockery enſu'd,
And burſts of laughter ſhook the flood.
A Swan ſuperiour to the reſt
Sprung forth, and thus the fool addreſt:
"Conceited thing! elate with pride,
"Thy affectation all deride;
"Theſe airs thy awkwardneſs impart,
"And ſhew thee plainly as thou art.
"Among thy equals of the flock
"Thou hadſt eſcap'd the publick mock,
"And as thy parts to good conduce
"Been deem'd an honeſt hobbling Gooſe."
Learn hence to ſtudy wiſdom's rules;
Know fopp'ry is the pride of fools;
And ſtriving Nature to conceal
You only her defects reveal.

FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

Love! thou divineſt good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know;
Our rebel hearts thy ſway diſown,
While tyrant Luſt uſurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of Nature made
The ſexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ
To leſſen ills and heighten joy.

To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind
That can by sympathy impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart,
Her eyes with magick pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull and awe the rude;
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.
Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a diff'rent mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage for the fair's defence:
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies when fear alarms
And claims the temple of his arms.
By Nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's sov'reign and her guard,
Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love and soft desire,
Lights up a wildfire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,

Becomes the ſpoiler's baſe pretence
To triumph over innocence?
The wolf that tears the tim'rous ſheep
Was never ſet the fold to keep,
Nor was the tiger or the pard
Meant the benighted trav'ller's guard;
But man, the wildeſt beaſt of prey,
Wears friendſhip's ſemblance to betray,
His ſtrength againſt the weak employs,
And where he ſhould protect deſtroys.

Paſt twelve o'clock the Watchman cry'd,
His brief the ſtudious Lawyer ply'd,
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earneſt of to-morrow's lie;
Sudden the furious winds ariſe,
The jarring caſement ſhatter'd flies,
The doors admit a hollow ſound,
And rattling from their hinges bound,
When Juſtice in a blaze of light
Reveal'd her radiant form to ſight.
The wretch with thrilling horrour ſhook,
Looſe ev'ry joint and pale his look.
Not having ſeen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in Reports,
He aſk'd with falt'ring tongue her name,
Her errand there, and whence ſhe came?

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimſon glow her viſage dy'd)
" Canſt thou be doubtful who I am?
" Is Juſtice grown ſo ſtrange a name?
" Were not your courts for Juſtice rais'd?
" 'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd.
" My guardian thee did I elect
" My ſacred temple to protect,
" That thou and all thy venal tribe
" Should ſpurn the goddeſs for the bribe?
" Aloud the ruin'd client cries
" Juſtice has neither ears nor eyes;
" In foul alliance with the bar
" 'Gainſt me the judge denounces war,
" And rarely iſſues his decree
" But with intent to baffle me."
She paus'd; her breaſt with fury burn'd;
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:
" I own the charge is juſtly laid,
" And weak th' excuſe that can be made;
" Yet ſearch the ſpacious globe, and ſee
" If all mankind are not like me.
" The Gownman ſkill'd in Romiſh lies
" By faith's falſe glaſs deludes our eyes,
" O'er conſcience rides without control,
" And robs the man to ſave his ſoul.
" The Doctor with important face
" By ſly deſign miſtakes the caſe,

" Preſcribes, and ſpins out the diſeaſe
" To trick the patient of his fees.
" The Soldier, rough with many a ſcar,
" And red with ſlaughter, leads the war;
" If he a nation's truſt betray
" The foe has offer'd double pay.
" When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
" And weighty int'reſt turns the ſcales,
" Muſt I be better than the reſt,
" And harbour Juſtice in my breaſt,
" On one ſide only take the fee,
" Content with poverty and thee?"
" Thou blind to ſenſe and vile of mind!"
Th' exaſperated Shade rejoin'd,
" If virtue from the world is flown
" Will others' frauds excuſe thy own?
" For ſickly ſouls the Prieſt was made,
" Phyſicians for the body's aid,
" The Soldier guarded liberty,
" Man woman, and the Lawyer me;
" If all are faithleſs to their truſt
" They leave nor thee the leſs unjuſt.
" Henceforth your pleadings I diſclaim,
" And bar the ſanction of my name;
" Within your courts it ſhall be read
" That Juſtice from the Law is fled."
She ſpoke, and hid in ſhades her face
Till Hardwicke ſooth'd her into grace.

FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia 's fair 't is true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Cann't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if her merit lessen'd your's?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind because you see.
Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the woodbine grows
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare
That these are neither sweet nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays
Before the diamond's brighter blaze,
And fops will say the diamond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes;
But I who deal in truth deny
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephirs o'er the bloſſoms ſtray,
And ſweets along the air convey,
Sha' n't I the fragrant breeze inhale
Becauſe you breathe a ſweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms yield,
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows,
And ſweet, tho' ſweeter you, the roſe.

Shall envy then torment your breaſt
If you are lovelier than the reſt?
For while I give to each her due
By praiſing them I flatter you,
And praiſing moſt I ſtill declare
You faireſt where the reſt are fair.

As at his board a Farmer ſat,
Repleniſh'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him ſtood,
And with his maſter ſhar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers ſcour'd,
Till ſated now ſupine he lay,
And ſnor'd the riſing fumes away.

The hungry Cat in turn drew near,
And humbly crav'd a ſervant's ſhare;
Her modeſt worth the Maſter knew,
And ſtraight the fatt'ning morſel threw;

Enrag'd the ſnarling Cur awoke,
And thus with ſpiteful envy ſpoke:
" They only claim a right to eat
" Who earn by ſervices their meat:
" Me zeal and induſtry inflame
" To ſcour the fields and ſpring the game,
" Or plunging in the wintry wave
" For man the wounded bird to ſave.
" With watchful diligence I keep
" From prowling wolves his fleecy ſheep,
" At home his midnight hours ſecure,
" And drive the robber from the door:
" For this his breaſt with kindneſs glows,
" For this his hand the food beſtows;
" And ſhall thy indolence impart
" A warmer friendſhip to his heart,
" That thus he robs me of my due
" To pamper ſuch vile things as you?"
" I own" (with meekneſs Puſs reply'd)
" Superiour merit on your ſide,
" Nor does my breaſt with envy ſwell
" To find it recompens'd ſo well;
" Yet I in what my nature can
" Contribute to the good of man.
" Whoſe claws deſtroy the pilf'ring mouſe?
" Who drives the vermin from the houſe?
" Or watchful for the lab'ring ſwain
" From lurking rats ſecures the grain?

" From hence if he rewards beſtow
" Why ſhould your heart with gall o'erflow?
" Why pine my happineſs to ſee
" Since there 's enough for you and me?"
" Thy words are juſt," the Farmer cry'd,
" And ſpurn'd the ſnarler from his ſide.

FABLE X.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

The nymph who walks the publick ſtreets,
And ſets her cap at all ſhe meets,
May catch the fool who turns to ſtare,
But men of ſenſe avoid the ſnare.
As on the margin of the flood
With ſilken line my Lydia ſtood,
I ſmil'd to ſee the pains you took
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the foreſt as we ſtray'd
You ſaw the boy his limetwigs ſpread;
Gueſs'd you the reaſon of his fear?
Leſt heedleſs we approach too near,
Far as behind the buſh we lay
The linnet flutter'd on the ſpray.
Needs there ſuch caution to delude
The ſcaly fry and feather'd brood?
And think you with inferiour art
To captivate the human heart?

The maid who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties while ſhe hides reveals;
Give but a glimpſe and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt figleaf to brocade
All dreſs was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.

When Cælia ſtruts in man's attire
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire,
But from the hoop's bewitching round
Her very ſhoe has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the boſom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop, for gudgeons ſtrike
At the bare hook and bait alike,
While ſalmon play regardleſs by
Till art like nature forms the fly.

Beneath a peaſant's homely thatch
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night with reſtleſs care
She ſpun her web and wove her ſnare.
Within the limits of her reign
Lay many a heedleſs captive ſlain,
Or flutt'ring ſtruggled in the toils
To burſt the chains and ſhun her wiles.

A ſtraying Bee that perch'd hard by
Beheld her with diſdainful eye,
And thus began: "Mean Thing! give o'er,
"And lay thy ſlender threads no more;
"A thoughtleſs fly or two at moſt
"Is all the conqueſt thou canſt boaſt,
"For Bees of ſenſe thy arts evade,
"We ſee ſo plain the nets are laid.
"The gaudy tulip that diſplays
"Her ſpreading foliage to the gaze,
"That points her charms at all ſhe ſees,
"And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
"Attracts not me: where bluſhing grows
"Guarded with thorns the modeſt roſe
"Enamour'd round and round I fly,
"Or on her fragrant boſom lie;
"Reluctant ſhe my ardour meets,
"And baſhful renders up her ſweets.
"To wiſer heads attention lend,
"And learn this leſſon from a friend;
"She who with modeſty retires
"Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
"While ſuch incautious jilts as you
"By folly your own ſchemes undo."

FABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'Tis true I blame your lover's choice
Tho' flatter'd by the publick voice,
And peevish grow and sick to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I listen not to wild delights
And transports of expected nights:
What is to me your hoard of charms,
The whiteness of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquisition more
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; pass a fortnight and you 'll find
All beauty cloys but of the mind.
Sense and good humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love;
Yet Phillis, simplest of your sex!
You never think but to perplex,
Coquetting it with ev'ry Ape
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast;
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour and obey,
The tyrant-mistress change for life
To the submission of a wife.

Your follies if you can ſuſpend,
And learn inſtruction from a friend.
Reluctant hear the firſt addreſs,
Think often ere you anſwer Yes,
But once reſolv'd throw off diſguiſe,
And wear your wiſhes in your eyes:
With caution ev'ry look forbear
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breaſt a wound;
Contemn the girliſh arts to teaſe,
Nor uſe your pow'r unleſs to pleaſe,
For fools alone with rigour ſway
When ſoon or late they muſt obey.

The King of brutes in life's decline
Reſolv'd dominion to reſign;
The beaſts were ſummon'd to appear
And bend before the royal heir:
They came; a day was fix'd: the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper Monkey pert and vain
Stepp'd forth and thus addreſs'd the train:
"Why cringe my Friends! with ſlaviſh awe
"Before this pageant king of ſtraw?
"Shall we anticipate the hour,
"And ere we feel it own his pow'r?

" The counſels of experience prize;
" I know the maxims of the wiſe:
" Subjection let us caſt away,
" And live the monarchs of to-day;
" 'Tis ours the vacant hand to ſpurn,
" And play the tyrant each in turn:
" So ſhall he right from wrong diſcern,
" And mercy from oppreſſion learn,
" At others' woes be taught to melt,
" And loathe the ills himſelf has felt."
He ſpoke; his boſom ſwell'd with pride;
The youthful Lion thus reply'd:
" What madneſs prompts thee to provoke
" My wrath, and dare th' impending ſtroke?
" Thou wretched Fool! can wrongs impart
" Compaſſion to the feeling heart,
" Or teach the grateful breaſt to glow,
" The hand to give, or eye to flow?
" Learn'd in the practice of their ſchools
" From women thou haſt drawn thy rules;
" To them return; in ſuch a cauſe
" From only ſuch expect applauſe:
" The partial ſex I not condemn
" For liking thoſe who copy them.
" Wouldſt thou the gen'rous Lion bind?
" By kindneſs bribe him to be kind:
" Good offices their likeneſs get,
" And payment leſſens not the debt;

" With multiplying hand he gives
" The good from others he receives,
" Or for the bad makes fair return,
" And pays with int'reſt ſcorn for ſcorn."

FABLE XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me Corinna, if you can,
Why ſo averſe, ſo coy, to man?
Did Nature, laviſh of her care,
From her beſt pattern form you fair
That you, ungrateful to her cauſe,
Should mock her gifts and ſpurn her laws,
And miſer-like withhold that ſtore
Which by imparting bleſſes more?

Beauty 's a gift by Heav'n aſſign'd
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands,
And tho' by waſting years it fade
Remembrance tells him once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal
For age to ruſt or time to ſteal,
The ſummer of your youth to rove
A ſtranger to the joys of love?
Then when life's winter haſtens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,

Dow'rleſs to court ſome peaſant's arms
To guard your wither'd age from harms,
No gratitude to warm his breaſt
For blooming beauty once poſſeſt,
How will you curſe that ſtubborn pride
Which drove your bark acroſs the tide,
And ſailing before folly's wind
Left ſenſe and happineſs behind?
Corinna, leſt theſe whims prevail
To ſuch as you I write my Tale.

A Colt for blood and mettled ſpeed
The choiceſt of the running breed,
Of youthful ſtrength and beauty vain
Refus'd ſubjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious ſkill
Oppos'd his pride and check'd his will,
In vain the maſter's forming care
Reſtrain'd with threats or ſooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud and ſcorning man
Wild o'er the ſpacious plains he ran.
Where'er luxuriant Nature ſpread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling ſtreams ſoft-gliding paſs
To cool and freſhen up the graſs,
Diſdaining bounds he cropp'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the ſpoil he made.

In plenty thus the ſummer paſt
Revolving winter came at laſt;
The trees no more a ſhelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual ſnows infeſt the ground,
In icy chains the ſtreams are bound,
Cold nipping winds and rattling hail
His lank unſhelter'd ſides aſſail.
As round he caſt his rueful eyes
He ſaw the thatch'd-roof cottage riſe;
The proſpect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near;
A ſtable, erſt his ſcorn and hate,
Was now become his wiſh'd retreat:
His paſſion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he ſought.
The Maſter ſaw his woful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
And friendly to the ſtable led,
And ſaw him litter'd, dreſs'd, and fed.
In ſlothful eaſe all night he lay;
The ſervants roſe at break of day;
The market calls: along the road
His back muſt bear the pond'rous load:
In vain he ſtruggles or complains,
Inceſſant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough he breaks the ſoil,

While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.
Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His selfupbraidings found a vent:
"Wretch that I am!" he sighing said,
"By arrogance and folly led,
"Had but my restive youth been brought
"To learn the lesson Nature taught
"Then had I like my sires of yore
"The prize from ev'ry courser bore,
"While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
"And females crown'd my latter days:
"Now lasting servitude 's my lot,
"My birth contemn'd my speed forgot:
"Doom'd am I for my pride to bear,
"A living death from year to year."

FABLE XIII.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

To know the mistress' humour right
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays
She copies but her lady's ways;
When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no curtsy going out,

Depend upon 't mamma is one
Who reads or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirſt aſſuage
She feels enthuſiaſtick rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the ſpirit:
If learning crack her giddy brains
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life
And all are ſweet to ſuch a wife.
At home ſuperiour wit ſhe vaunts
And twits her huſband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around
Like pigs are wallowing on the ground:
Impatient ever of control
She knows no order but of ſoul;
With books her litter'd floor is ſpread
Of nameleſs authors never read,
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate ſpace.
Abroad at viſitings her tongue
Is never ſtill, and always wrong;
All meanings ſhe defines away,
And ſtands with truth and ſenſe at bay.
If e'er ſhe meets a gentle heart
Skill'd in the houſewife's uſeful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds Contentment's temple there,

She ſtarts at ſuch miſtakes in nature,
And cries, "Lord help us! what a creature!"
Meliſſa, if the moral ſtrike
You 'll find the Fable not unlike.

An Owl puff'd up with ſelfconceit
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuſcripts he treaſur'd up,
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's ſhop;
At paſtrycooks was known to ply,
And ſtrip for ſcience ev'ry pie.
For modern poetry and wit
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown
His learned treaſures were his own,
To all his authors had acceſs,
And ſometimes would correct the preſs.
In logick he acquir'd ſuch knowledge
You 'd ſwear him Fellow of a college;
Alike to ev'ry art and ſcience
His daring genius bid defiance,
And ſwallow'd wiſdom with that haſte,
That cits do cuſtards at a feaſt.
Within the ſhelter of a wood
One ev'ning as he muſing ſtood
Hard by upon a leafy ſpray
A Nightingale began his lay;

Sudden he ſtarts with anger ſtung,
And ſcreeching interrupts the ſong.
" Pert buſy Thing! thy airs give o'er,
" And let my contemplation ſoar.
" What is the muſick of thy voice
" But jarring diſſonance and noiſe?
" Be wiſe: true harmony thou 'lt find
" Not in the throat but in the mind,
" By empty chirping not attain'd,
" But by laborious ſtudy gain'd.
" Go read the authors Pope explodes,
" Fathom the depth of Cibber's Odes,
" With modern plays improve thy wit,
" Read all the learning Henley writ,
" And if thou needs muſt ſing ſing then,
" And emulate the ways of men;
" So ſhalt thou grow like me refin'd,
" And bring improvement to thy kind."
" Thou Wretch!" the little Warbler cry'd,
" Made up of ignorance and pride,
" Aſk all the birds, and they 'll declare
" A greater blockhead wings not air.
" Read o'er thyſelf, thy talents ſcan;
" Science was only meant for man.
" No uſeleſs authors me moleſt,
" I mind the duties of my neſt,
" With careful wing protect my young,
" And cheer their ev'nings with a ſong.

" Thus following Nature and her laws
" From men and birds I claim applauſe,
" While nurs'd in pedantry and ſloth
" An Owl is ſcorn'd alike by both."

FABLE XIV.

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

It was, as learn'd traditions ſay,
Upon an April's blitheſome day
When Pleaſure, ever on the wing,
Return'd companion of the Spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Inſtructing little hearts to beat,
A Sparrow, frolick, gay, and young,
Of bold addreſs and flippant tongue,
Juſt left his lady of a night,
Like him to follow new delight.
The youth of many a conqueſt vain
Flew off to ſeek the chirping train,
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a ſaucy eaſe bow'd round.
For ev'ry ſhe his boſom burns,
And this and that he wooes by turns;
And here a ſigh and there a bill,
And here—" Thoſe eyes, ſo form'd to kill!"

And now with ready tongue he ſtrings
Unmeaning ſoft reſiſtleſs things,
With vows and Demme's ſkill'd to woo
As other pretty fellows do:
Not that he thought this ſhort eſſay
A prologue needful to his play;
No: truſt me, ſays our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous ſex much better;
But theſe he held as ſpecious arts
To ſhew his own ſuperiour parts,
The form of decency to ſhield,
And give a juſt pretence to yield.

Thus finiſhing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of the day,
With careleſs impudence drew near
And whiſper'd Hebrew in her ear,
A hint which like the Maſon's ſign
The conſcious can alone divine.
The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd "Sir!—pray Sir, explain your meaning—
"Go prate to thoſe that may endure ye,—
"To me this rudeneſs!—I'll aſſure ye—"
Then off ſhe glided like a ſwallow,
As ſaying—You gueſs where to follow.

To ſuch as know the party ſet
'Tis needleſs to declare they met;
The Parſon's barn, as authors mention,
Confeſs'd the fair had apprehenſion:

Her honour there ſecure from ſtain
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But ruſh'd licentious on the joy.
" Hiſt, Love!" the male companion cry'd,
" Retire a while; I fear we 're ſpy'd."
Nor was the caution vain; he ſaw
A Turtle ruſtling in the ſtraw,
While o'er her callow brood ſhe hung,
And fondly thus addreſs'd her young:
" Ye tender objects of my care!
" Peace, peace, ye little helpleſs pair!
" Anon he comes your gentle ſire,
" And brings you all your hearts require.
" For us his infants and his bride,
" For us, with only love to guide,
" Our lord aſſumes an eagle's ſpeed,
" And like a lion dares to bleed:
" Nor yet by wintry ſkies confin'd
" He mounts upon the rudeſt wind,
" From danger tears the vital ſpoil,
" And with affection ſweetens toil.
" Ah ceaſe, too vent'rous! ceaſe to dare;
" In thine our dearer ſafety ſpare!
" From him ye cruel Falcons! ſtray,
" And turn ye Fowlers! far away.
" Should I ſurvive to ſee the day
" That tears me from myſelf away,

" That cancels all that Heav'n could give,
" The life by which alone I live,
" Alas! how more than loſt were I,
" Who in the thought already die!
" Ye Pow'rs! whom men and birds obey,
" Great Rulers of your creatures! ſay
" Why mourning comes by bliſs convey'd,
" And ev'n the ſweets of love allay'd?
" Where grows enjoyment tall and fair
" Around it twines entangling care,
" While fear for what our ſouls poſſeſs
" Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bleſs;
" Yet friendſhip forms the bliſs above,
" And Life! what art thou without love?"
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt ſomething moving in his heart,
But quickly with diſdain ſuppreſt
The virtue riſing in his breaſt,
And firſt he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next approaching ſmil'd and bow'd.
" Madam, you muſt not think me rude,
" Good manners never can intrude;
" I vow I come thro' pure good nature—
" (Upon my ſoul a charming creature!)
" Are theſe the comforts of a wife?
" This careful cloiſter'd moping life?
" No doubt that odious thing call'd Duty
" Is a ſweet province for a beauty.

"Thou pretty Ignorance! thy will
"Is meaſur'd to thy want of ſkill;
"That good oldfaſhion'd dame thy mother
"Has taught thy infant years no other.
"The greateſt ill in the creation
"Is ſure the want of education.
"But think ye—tell me without feigning,
"Have all theſe charms no farther meaning?
"Dame Nature, if you don't forget her,
"Might teach your Ladyſhip much better.
"For ſhame! reject this mean employment;
"Enter the world and taſte enjoyment,
"Where time by circling bliſs we meaſure;
"Beauty was form'd alone for pleaſure:
"Come, prove the bleſſing; follow me:
"Be wiſe, be happy, and be free."
"Kind Sir!" reply'd our matron chaſte,
"Your zeal ſeems pretty much in haſte.
"I own the fondneſs to be bleſt
"Is a deep thirſt in ev'ry breaſt;
"Of bleſſings too I have my ſtore,
"Yet quarrel not ſhould Heav'n give more;
"Then prove the change to be expedient,
"And think me Sir your moſt obedient."
Here turning as to one inferiour
Our gallant ſpoke, and ſmil'd ſuperiour.
"Methinks to quit your boaſted ſtation
"Requires a world of heſitation:

" Where brats and bonds are held a bleſſing,
" The caſe I doubt is paſt redreſſing.
" Why, Child! ſuppoſe the joys I mention
" Were the mere fruits of my invention,
" You 'ave cauſe ſufficient for your carriage
" In flying from the curſe of marriage,
" That fly decoy with vary'd ſnares
" That takes your widgeon in by pairs,
" Alike to huſband and to wife
" The cure of love and bane of life,
" The only method of forecaſting
" To make misfortune firm and laſting,
" The ſin by Heav'n's peculiar ſentence
" Unpardon'd thro' a life's repentance:
" It is the double ſnake that weds
" A common tail to diff'rent heads,
" That leads the carcaſs ſtill aſtray
" By dragging each a diff'rent way.
" Of all the ills that may attend me
" From marriage mighty Gods! defend me.
" Give me frank Nature's wild demeſne,
" And boundleſs track of air ſerene,
" Where fancy ever wing'd for change
" Delights to ſport, delights to range;
" There Liberty! to thee is owing
" Whate'er of bliſs is worth beſtowing;
" Delights ſtill vary'd and divine
" Sweet goddeſs of the Hills! are thine.

" What ſay you now, you pretty pink you!
" Have I for once ſpoke reaſon think you?
" You take me now for no romancer——
" Come, never ſtudy for an anſwer:
" Away, caſt ev'ry care behind ye,
" And fly where joy alone ſhall find ye."
" Soft yet," return'd our female fencer,
" A queſtion more or ſo——and then Sir.
" You 'ave rally'd me with ſenſe exceeding,
" With much fine wit and better breeding,
" But pray Sir, how do you contrive it?
" Do thoſe of your world never wive it?"
" No no." " How then?" " Why, dare I tell;
" What does the buſ'neſs full as well."
" Do you ne'er love?" " An hour at leiſure."
" Have you no friendſhips?" " Yes, for pleaſure."
" No care for little ones?" " We get 'em;
" The reſt the mothers mind, and let 'em;"
" Thou Wretch! rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
" Quite loſt to life as loſt to love,
" Whene'er misfortune comes how juſt!
" And come misfortune ſurely muſt:
" In the dread ſeaſon of diſmay,
" In that your hour of trial, ſay
" Who then ſhall prop your ſinking heart,
" Who bear affliction's weightier part?
" Say, when the blackbrow'd welkin bends,
" And winter's gloomy form impends,

" To mourning turns all tranſient cheer,
" And blaſts the melancholy year,
" For times at no perſuaſion ſtay,
" Nor vice can find perpetual May,
" Then where 's that tongue by folly ſed,
" That ſoul of pertneſs whither fled?
" All ſhrunk within thy lonely neſt,
" Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbleſt,
" No friend by cordial bonds ally'd
" Shall ſeek thy cold unſocial ſide,
" No chirping prattlers to delight
" Shall turn the long-enduring night,
" No bride her words of balm impart,
" And warm thee at her conſtant heart.
" Freedom reſtrain'd by reaſon's force
" Is as the ſun's unvarying courſe,
" Benignly active, ſweetly bright,
" Affording warmth, affording light,
" But torn from virtue's ſacred rules
" Becomes a comet gaz'd by fools,
" Foreboding cares, and ſtorms, and ſtrife,
" And fraught with all the plagues of life.
" Thou Fool! by union ev'ry creature
" Subſiſts thro' univerſal Nature,
" And this to beings void of mind
" Is wedlock of a meaner kind.
" While womb'd in ſpace primeval clay
" A yet unfaſhion'd embryo lay,

" The Source of endleſs good above
" Shot down his ſpark of kindling love;
" Touch'd by the allenliv'ning flame
" Then motion firſt exulting came,
" Each atom ſought its ſep'rate claſs
" Thro' many a fair enamour'd maſs;
" Love caſt the central charm around,
" And with eternal nuptials bound:
" Then form and order o'er the ſky
" Firſt train'd their bridal pomp on high,
" The ſun diſplay'd his orb to light
" And burnt with hymeneal light.
" Hence Nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
" And with the genial burden heav'd;
" Forth came the oak, her firſtborn heir,
" And ſcal'd the breathing ſteep of air;
" Then infant ſtems of various uſe
" Imbib'd her ſoft maternal juice;
" The flow'rs in early bloom diſclos'd
" Upon her fragrant breaſt repos'd;
" Within her warm embraces grew
" A race of endleſs form and hue;
" Then pour'd her leſſer offspring round,
" And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.
" Nor here alone the virtue reign'd
" By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd,
" But thence ſubliming and refin'd
" Aſpir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind;

" Caught in the fond celeſtial fire
" The mind perceiv'd unknown deſire,
" And now with kind effuſion flow'd,
" And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
" Beheld the ſympathetick fair,
" And lov'd its own reſemblance there,
" On all with circling radiance ſhone,
" But centring fix'd on one alone,
" There claſp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
" And doubled ev'ry joy of life.
" Here ever bleſſing ever bleſt
" Reſides this beauty of the breaſt,
" As from his palace here the god
" Still beams effulgent bliſs abroad,
" Here gems his own eternal round,
" The ring by which the world is bound,
" Here bids his ſeat of empire grow,
" And builds his little heav'n below.
" The bridal partners thus ally'd,
" And thus in ſweet accordance ty'd,
" One body, heart, and ſpirit, live,
" Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give,
" Like Echo from her vocal hold
" Return'd in muſick twenty fold;
" Their union firm and undecay'd
" Nor time can ſhake nor pow'r invade,
" But as the ſtem and ſcion ſtand
" Ingrafted by a ſkilful hand,

" They check the tempeſt's wintry rage,
" And bloom and ſtrengthen into age;
" A thouſand amities unknown,
" And pow'rs perceiv'd by love alone,
" Endearing looks and chaſte deſire
" Fan and ſupport the mutual fire,
" Whoſe flame perpetual as refin'd
" Is fed by an immortal mind.
" Nor yet the nuptial ſanction ends,
" Like Nile it opens and deſcends,
" Which by apparent windings led
" We trace to its celeſtial head.
" The fire firſt ſpringing from above
" Becomes the ſource of life and love,
" And gives his filial heir to flow
" In fondneſs down on ſons below:
" Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide
" To time's extremeſt verge they glide,
" While kindred ſtreams on either hand
" Branch forth in bleſſings o'er the land.
" Thee Wretch! no liſping babe ſhall name,
" No late-returning brother claim,
" No kinſman on thy road rejoice,
" No ſiſter greet thy ent'ring voice,
" With partial eyes no parents ſee,
" And bleſs their years reſtor'd in thee.
" In age rejected or declin'd,
" An alien ev'n among thy kind,

" The partner of thy ſcorn'd embrace
" Shall play the wanton in thy face,
" Each ſpark unplume thy little pride,
" All friendſhip fly thy faithleſs ſide,
" Thy name ſhall like thy carcaſs rot,
" In ſickneſs ſpurn'd, in death forgot.
" Allgiving Pow'r! great Source of life!
" O hear the parent! hear the wife!
" That life thou lendeſt from above
" Tho' little make it large in love;
" O bid my feeling heart expand
" To ev'ry claim on ev'ry hand!
" To thoſe from whom my days I drew,
" To theſe in whom thoſe days renew,
" To all my kin, however wide,
" In cordial warmth as blood ally'd,
" To friends with ſteely fetters twin'd,
" And to the cruel not unkind!
" But chief the lord of my deſire,
" My life, myſelf, my ſoul, my fire,
" Friends, children, all that wiſh can claim,
" Chaſte paſſion claſp and rapture name,
" O ſpare him, ſpare him, gracious Pow'r!
" O give him to my lateſt hour!
" Let me my length of life employ
" To give my ſole enjoyment joy!
" His love let mutual love excite,
" Turn all my cares to his delight,

" And ev'ry needleſs bleſſing ſpare
" Wherein my darling wants a ſhare!
" When he with graceful action wooes,
" And ſweetly bills and fondly cooes,
" Ah! deck me to his eyes alone
" With charms attractive as his own,
" And in my circling wings careſt
" Give all the lover to my breaſt;
" Then in our chaſte connubial bed,
" My boſom pillow'd for his head,
" His eyes with bliſsful ſlumbers cloſe,
" And watch with me my lord's repoſe,
" Your peace around his temples twine,
" And love him with a love like mine!
" And for I know his gen'rous flame
" Beyond whate'er my ſex can claim,
" Me too to your protection take,
" And ſpare me for my huſband's ſake.
" Let one unruffled calm delight
" The loving and belov'd unite,
" One pure deſire our boſoms warm,
" One will direct, one wiſh inform,
" Thro' life one mutual aid ſuſtain,
" In death one peaceful grave contain."
While ſwelling with the darling theme
Her accents pour'd an endleſs ſtream,
The wellknown wings a ſound impart
That reach'd her ear and touch'd her heart;

Quick dropt the muſick of her tongue,
And forth with eager joy ſhe ſprung;
As ſwift her ent'ring conſort flew,
And plum'd and kindled at the view;
Their wings their ſouls embracing meet,
Their hearts with anſw'ring meaſure beat,
Half loſt in ſacred ſweets, and bleſs'd
With raptures felt but ne'er expreſs'd.
Straight to her humble roof ſhe led
The partner of her ſpotleſs bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, ariſe,
Their welcome ſparkling in their eyes;
Tranſported to their ſire they bound,
And hang with ſpeechleſs action round:
In pleaſure wrapt the parents ſtand,
And ſee their little wings expand;
The ſire his life-ſuſtaining prize
To each expecting bill applies;
There fondly pours the wheaten ſpoil,
With tranſport giv'n tho' won with toil,
While all collected at the ſight,
And ſilent thro' ſupreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliſs beguiles,
And on her lord and infants ſmiles.
The Sparrow, whoſe attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little ſleights diſarm'd,
And from himſelf by virtue charm'd,

" And ev'ry needleſs bleſſing ſpare
" Wherein my darling wants a ſhare!
" When he with graceful action wooes,
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Their welcome ſparkling in their eyes;
Tranſported to their ſire they bound,
And hang with ſpeechleſs action round:
In pleaſure wrapt the parents ſtand,
And ſee their little wings expand;
The ſire his life-ſuſtaining prize
To each expecting bill applies;
There fondly pours the wheaten ſpoil,
With tranſport giv'n tho' won with toil,
While all collected at the ſight,
And ſilent thro' ſupreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliſs beguiles,
And on her lord and infants ſmiles.
The Sparrow, whoſe attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little ſleights diſarm'd,
And from himſelf by virtue charm'd,

When now he ſaw what only ſeem'd
A fact ſo late a fable deem'd,
His ſoul to envy he reſign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind,
In ſecret wiſh'd a Turtle too,
And ſighing to himſelf withdrew.

FABLE XV.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life:
Unhappy Sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of Fame,
Which tainted not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.

The trav'ller if he chance to ſtray
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;
But Woman no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never cloſe!

Tho' diſtant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,

In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before,
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose,
Till by conflicting waves oppress
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single errour? None.
Tho' Woman is avow'd of old
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelick natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air
With varying elements endu'd
Was form'd to fall and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb again to flow,
The moon repletes her waining face
All beauteous from her late disgrace,
And suns that mourn approaching night
Refulgent rise with newborn light.

In vain may death and time subdue
While Nature mints her race anew,

And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green;
No longer barr'd by winter's cold
Again the gates of life unfold,
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring,
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies
Again to perish and to rise.

And must weak Woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone,
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline,
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of Woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of Vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possest
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return,
No more with virgin splendour burn,
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No:

Pity may mourn but not reſtore,
And Woman falls to riſe no more.

Within this ſublunary ſphere
A country lies—no matter where,
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetick ground:
A ſtream call'd Life acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides,
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue riſe.
Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe
As well for proſpect as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.
A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line,
But in a little daughter fair
Was centred more than half their care,
For Heav'n to gratulate her birth
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth:
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chaſtity the name ſhe bore.
As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)

Oft' thro' her native land ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd,
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And Nature yearly took delight
Like her to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſt:
" O joyful cauſe of many a care!
" O Daughter too divinely fair!
" Yon' world on this important day
" Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
" A painful journey all muſt go,
" Whoſe doubtful period none can know,
" Whoſe due direction who can find
" Where reaſon 's mute and ſenſe is blind?
" Ah, what unequal leaders theſe
" Thro' ſuch a wide perplexing maze!
" Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
" And learn what love and years adviſe.
" Far to the right thy proſpect bend
" Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;

" Lo! there the arduous paths in view
" Which Virtue and her ſons purſue,
" With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
" And gain and gain upon the ſkies:
" Narrow is the way her children tread,
" No walk for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
" But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
" Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
" Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
" A food indelicate to ſenſe,
" Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
" Pure health with cheerful vigour flows,
" And ſtrength unfeeling of decay
" Thro'out the long laborious way.
" Hence as they ſcale that heav'nly road
" Each limb is lighten'd of its load,
" From earth refining ſtill they go,
" And leave the mortal weight below,
" Then ſpreads the ſtraight, the doubtful clears,
" And ſmooth the rugged path appears,
" For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
" And taught by Virtue pain can pleaſe.
" At length the toilſome journey o'er,
" And near the bright celeſtial ſhore,
" A gulf black, fearful, and profound,
" Appears, of either world the bound,
" Thro' darkneſs leading up to light,
" Senſe backward ſhrinks and ſhuns the ſight;

" For there the tranſitory train
" Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
" And Matter's groſs incumb'ring maſs,
" Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs,
" But ſinking quit th' immortal charge
" And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large,
" Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
" And mingles with eternal day.
" Thither, O thither wing thy ſpeed
" Tho' pleaſure charm or pain impede!
" To ſuch th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n
" For preſent earth a future heav'n,
" For trivial loſs unmeaſur'd gain,
" And endleſs bliſs for tranſient pain.
" Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight
" Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
" Wide on the left the pathway bends,
" And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
" There ſweet to ſenſe and fair to ſhow
" New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
" Trees that delicious poiſon bear,
" For death is vegetable there.
" Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
" Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte,
" The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
" And ſees with organs not her own,
" While like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
" Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,

" Before her alienated eyes
" The ſcenes of Fairyland ariſe,
" The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
" Dipp'd in the gayly-colour'd bow,
" Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
" The toys of infants and of kings,
" That tempt along the baneful plain
" The idly wiſe and lightly vain,
" Till verging on the gulfy ſhore
" Sudden they ſink and riſe no more.
But liſt to what thy Fates declare:
" Tho' thou art Woman frail as fair,
" If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
" Once quit yon' heav'n-appointed way,
" For thee, loſt Maid! for thee alone
" Nor pray'rs ſhall plead nor tears atone;
" Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
" On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait,
" Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
" And ev'ry foot thy preſence fly."
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſt.
Forth from her ſacred eyelids ſent,
Like Morn, forerunning radiance went,
While Honour, handmaid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Aweſtruck the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin viſion how'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtues at the ſight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,
If matter ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the Day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er ſhe paſſes thouſands bend,
And thouſands where ſhe moves attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps puffuing praiſes bleſs,
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations as to Heav'n are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blitheſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth no more ſuppreſt
New-melts the froſt in ev'ry breaſt,
The cheek with ſecret flufhing dyes
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes,
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While Nature as from bonds ſet free
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.

And now for momentary reſt
The Nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſt,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.
Outſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with wo
To ſee a world ſo loſt below,
When ſtraight the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd:
The Maid in wrapt attention hung
While thus approaching Sirens ſung:
" Hither Faireſt! hither haſte,
" Brighteſt Beauty! come and taſte
" What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
" Joys too mighty to be told;
" Taſte what ecſtaſies they give,
" Dying raptures taſte, and live.
" In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
" Nature empties all her treaſure,
" Soft deſires that ſweetly languiſh,
" Fierce delights that riſe to anguiſh.

" Faireſt! doſt thou yet delay?
" Brighteſt Beauty! come away.
" Liſt not when the froward chide,
" Sons of Pedantry and Pride,
" Snarlers to whoſe feeble ſenſe
" April ſunſhine is offence;
" Age and Envy will adviſe
" Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.
" Come, in pleaſures balmy bowl
" Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
" Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
" With enjoyment paſt the painting.
" Faireſt! doſt thou yet delay?
" Brighteſt Beauty! come away."
So ſung the Sirens, as of yore
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And O for that preventing chain
That bound Ulyſſes on the main!
That ſo our fair one might withſtand
The covert ruin now at hand.
The ſong her charm'd attention drew
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity with prying eyes
And hands of buſy bold empriſe;
Like Hermes feather'd were her feet,
And like forerunning fancy fleet:
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,

Taſteleſs of ev'ry good poſſeſt,
And but in expectation bleſt.
With her aſſociate Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolick-loving dame!
Her mien all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight,
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground
And caught the kiſſing winds around:
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt:
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong the ſteel'd diſarm'd,
No ſafety ev'n the flying find
Who vent'rous look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid
While diſtant more than half betray'd.
With ſmiles and adulation bland
They join'd her ſide and ſeiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd,
While half conſenting half denying,
Reluctant now and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes ſmiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling yielding fair.

As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous ſand,
The pilot warns with ſail and oar
To ſhun the much ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide too ſubtly ſtrong
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
Till found'ring ſhe reſigns to Fate
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight:
So baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The dames accuſtom'd to ſubdue
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt the long-reluctant maid.
Here ſtop ye Fair Ones! and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there,
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and Heav'n reſtor'd;
Till then with weeping Honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate,
With Honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;

Nor with the guilty world upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,
But o'er her failing caſt the veil,
Rememb'ring you yourſelves are frail.
And now from all-inquiring light
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The Damſel from a ſhort repoſe
Confounded at her plight aroſe.
As when with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſt
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey
And ſteal his hoard of joys away,
He borne where golden Indus ſtreams
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to oar,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore,
But wakens naked and deſpoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd:
So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd like Niobe to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure and void,
She felt all ravag'd all deſtroy'd:
And, "O thou curs'd inſidious coaſt!
"Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
"Theſe Virtue! theſe the joys they find
"Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
"Shade me ye Pines! ye Caverns! hide,
"Ye Mountains! cover me," ſhe cry'd.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high
And told the tidings to the sky,
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A sidelong viper, to her heart,
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace,
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore 's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd,
But Echo gathers in the wind
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends
Where late she left a host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine,
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast
Where Peace was wreck'd and Honour lost.

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile Clamour giv'n,
And from the face of Friendſhip driv'n,
The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling ſky
Upon a mount o'er mountains high
All radiant ſat as in a ſhrine
Virtue, firſt effluence divine,
Far, far above the ſcenes of wo
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superiour goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light!
Whom ſhould Mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of Frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And Nature quick'ning in her eye
To riſe a newborn phenix die.

Hence unreveal'd to mortal view
A veil around her form ſhe threw
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.

Thro' this her all-inquiring eye
Attentive from her ſtation high

Beheld abandon'd to deſpair
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair,
And with a voice whoſe awful ſound
Appall'd the guilty world around
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill;
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung:

" Lovely Penitent! ariſe,
" Come and claim thy kindred ſkies;
" Come, thy ſiſter angels ſay
" Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.

" Let experience now decide
" 'Twixt the good and evil try'd:
" In the ſmooth enchanted ground
" Say, unfold the treaſures found.

" Structures rais'd by morning dreams,
" Sands that trip the flitting ſtreams,
" Down that anchors on the air,
" Clouds that paint their changes there;

" Seas that ſmoothly dimpling lie
" While the ſtorm impends on high,
" Showing in an obvious glaſs
" Joys that in poſſeſſion paſs:

" Tranſient, fickle, light, and gay,
" Flatt'ring only to betray,

" What alas! can life contain?
" Life like all its circles vain!
" Will the ſtork intending reſt
" On the billow build her neſt?
" Will the bee demand his ſtore
" From the bleak and bladeleſs ſhore?
" Man alone intent to ſtray
" Ever turns from Wiſdom's way,
" Lays up wealth in foreign land,
" Sows the ſea and ploughs the ſand.
" Soon this elemental maſs,
" Soon th' incumb'ring world, ſhall paſs,
" Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
" Time be ſpent and life expire.
" Then ye boaſted Works of men!
" Where is your aſylum then?
" Sons of Pleaſure, ſons of Care,
" Tell me Mortals! tell me where?
" Gone like traces on the deep,
" Like a ſceptre graſp'd in ſleep,
" Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
" Melting ſnows and gliding ſhades.
" Paſs the world and what 's behind?
" Virtue 's gold by fire refin'd,
" From an univerſe deprav'd,
" From the wreck of Nature, ſav'd;
" Like the life-ſupporting grain,
" Fruit of patience and of pain,

" On the swain's autumnal day
" Winnow'd from the chaff away.
" Little Trembler! fear no more,
" Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
" Seed by genial sorrows sown,
" More than all thy sorrows own.
" What tho' hostile earth despise?
" Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
" Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
" Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.
" When the fatal trump shall sound,
" When th' immortals pour around,
" Heav'n shall thy return attest,
" Hail'd by myriads of the blest.
" Little native of the skies,
" Lovely Penitent! arise;
" Calm thy bosom clear thy brow,
" Virtue is thy sister now.
" More delightful are my woes
" Than the rapture pleasure knows,
" Richer far the weeds I bring
" Than the robes that grace a king.
" On my wars of shortest date
" Crowns of endless triumphs wait,
" On my cares a period blest,
" On my toils eternal rest.
" Come, with Virtue at thy side;
" Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd

" Till we gain our native ſhore:
" Siſter come, and turn no more."

FABLE XVI.

LOVE AND VANITY.

The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the ſun from ſhort repoſe
Gay Health and luſty Labour roſe,
The milkmaid caroll'd at her pail,
And ſhepherds whiſtled o'er the dale,
When Love, who led a rural life
Remote from buſtle, ſtate, and ſtrife,
Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage ſtray'd,
And ſtroll'd along the dewy glade.

A nymph who lightly tripp'd it by
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the geſture of the fair,
Her ſelfſufficient grace and air,
Her ſteps that mincing meant to pleaſe,
Her ſtudy'd negligence and eaſe,
And curious to inquire what meant
This thing of prettineſs and paint,
Approaching ſpoke, and bow'd obſervant;
The lady ſlightly, Sir, your ſervant.

" Such beauty in ſo rude a place!
" Fair one, you do the country grace!

" At court no doubt the publick cares
" But Love has small acquaintance there."
" Yes, Sir," reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
" This form confesses whence it came;
" But dear variety you know
" Can make us pride and pomp forego.
" My name is Vanity; I sway
" The utmost islands of the sea;
" Within my court all honour centers;
" I raise the meanest soul that enters,
" Endow with latent gifts and graces,
" And model fools for posts and places.
" As Vanity appoints at pleasure
" The world receives its weight and measure;
" Hence all the grand concerns of life,
" Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.
" Reflect how far my pow'r prevails
" When I step in where nature fails,
" And ev'ry breach of sense repairing
" Am bounteous still where Heav'n is sparing.
" But chief in all their arts and airs,
" Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
" Their various habits and complexions,
" Fits, frolicks, foibles, and perfections,
" Their robing, curling, and adorning,
" From noon to night from night to morning,
" From six to sixty, sick or sound,
" I rule the female world around."

" Hold there a moment," Cupid cry'd,
" Nor boaſt dominion quite ſo wide;
" Was there no province to invade
" But that by Love and Meekneſs ſway'd?
" All other empire I reſign,
" But be the ſphere of Beauty mine:
" For in the downy lawn of reſt
" That opens on a woman's breaſt,
" Attended by my peaceful train,
" I chuſe to live and chuſe to reign.
" Farſighted Faith I bring along,
" And Truth, above an army ſtrong,
" And Chaſtity, of icy mould,
" Within the burning tropicks cold,
" And Lowlineſs, to whoſe mild brow
" The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
" And Modeſty, with downcaſt eye,
" That lends the Morn her virgin dye,
" And Innocence, array'd in light,
" And Honour, as a tow'r upright,
" With ſweetly winning Graces more
" Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
" In unaffected conduct free,
" All ſmiling ſiſters three times three,
" And roſy Peace, the cherub bleſt,
" That nightly ſings us all to reſt.
" Hence from the bud of Nature's prime,
" From the firſt ſtep of infant Time,

" Woman, the world's appointed light,
" Has ſkirted ev'ry ſhade with white,
" Has ſtood for imitation high
" To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye,
" From ancient deeds of fair renown
" Has brought her bright memorials down,
" To Time affix'd perpetual youth,
" And form'd each tale of love and truth.
" Upon a new Promethean plan
" She moulds the eſſence of a man,
" Tempers his maſs, his genius fires,
" And as a better ſoul inſpires.
" The rude ſhe ſoftens, warms the cold,
" Exalts the meek and checks the bold,
" Calls Sloth from his ſupine repoſe,
" Within the coward's boſom glows,
" Of Pride unplumes the lofty creſt,
" Bids baſhful Merit ſtand confeſt,
" And like coarſe metal from the mines
" Collects, irradiates, and refines.
" The gentle ſcience ſhe imparts,
" All manners ſmooths, informs all hearts;
" From her ſweet influence are felt
" Paſſions that pleaſe and thoughts that melt;
" To ſtormy rage ſhe bids control,
" And ſinks ſerenely on the ſoul,
" Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
" And tunes the warring world to peace.

" Thus arm'd to all that 's light and vain,
" And freed from thy fantaſtick chain,
" She fills the ſphere by Heav'n aſſign'd,
" And rul'd by me o'errules mankind."
He ſpoke; the nymph impatient ſtood,
And laughing thus her ſpeech renew'd:
" And pray Sir, may I be ſo bold
" To hope your pretty tale is told?
" And next demand, without a cavil,
" What new Utopia do you travel?
" Upon my word theſe highflown fancies
" Shew depth of learning—in romances.
" Why, what unfaſhion'd ſtuff you tell us
" Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows!
" Go Child! and when you 're grown maturer
" You 'll ſhoot your next opinion ſurer.
" O ſuch a pretty knack at painting!
" And all for ſoft'ning and for ſainting!
" Gueſs now who can a ſingle feature
" Thro' the whole piece of female nature!
" Then mark! my looſer hand may fit
" The lines too coarſe for Love to hit.
" 'Tis ſaid that woman, prone to changing,
" Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
" On life's uncertain ocean riding,
" No reaſon, rule, nor rudder, guiding,
" Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
" Eccentrick, ominous, and bright,

" Trackleſs and ſhifting as the wind,
" A ſea whoſe fathom none can find,
" A moon ſtill changing and revolving,
" A riddle paſt all human ſolving,
" A bliſs, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
" A—ſomething which no man can tell.
" Now learn a ſecret from a friend,
" But keep your counſel, and attend.
" Tho' in their tempers thought ſo diſtant,
" Nor with their ſex nor ſelves conſiſtent,
" 'Tis but the diff'rence of a name
" And ev'ry woman is the ſame:
" For as the world, however vary'd,
" And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,
" Of elemental modes and forms,
" Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and ſtorms,
" Tho' in a thouſand ſuits array'd,
" Is of one ſubject matter made;
" So, Sir, a woman's conſtitution,
" The world's enigma, finds ſolution,
" And let her form be what you will
" I am the ſubject eſſence ſtill.
" With the firſt ſpark of female ſenſe
" The ſpeck of being I commence,
" Within the womb make freſh advances,
" And dictate future qualms and fancies,
" Thence in the growing form expand,
" With Childhood travel hand in hand,

" And give a taſte to all their joys
" In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noiſe.
" And now familiar and unaw'd
" I ſend the flutt'ring ſoul abroad;
" Prais'd for her ſhape, her face, her mien,
" The little goddeſs and the queen
" Takes at her infant ſhrine oblation,
" And drinks ſweet draughts of adulation.
" Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
" To dreſs becomes her darling care;
" The realms of beauty then I bound,
" I ſwell the hoop's enchanted round,
" Shrink in the waiſt's deſcending ſize,
" Heav'd in the ſnowy boſom riſe,
" High on the floating lappit ſail,
" Or curl'd in treſſes kiſs the gale:
" Then to her glaſs I lead the fair,
" And ſhew the lovely idol there,
" Where, ſtruck as by divine emotion,
" She bows with moſt ſincere devotion,
" And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er
" In ſecret bids the world adore.
" Then all for parking and parading,
" Coquetting, dancing, maſquerading,
" For balls, plays, courts, and crowds, what paſſion!
" And churches ſometimes—if the faſhion;
" For woman's ſenſe of right and wrong
" Is rul'd by the almighty throng,

" Still turns to each meander tame,
" And ſwims the ſtraw of ev'ry ſtream;
" Her ſoul intrinſick worth rejects,
" Accompliſh'd only in defects;
" Such excellence is her ambition,
" Folly her wiſeſt acquiſition,
" And ev'n from pity and diſdain
" She 'll call ſome reaſon to be vain.
" Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
" The wealth and wants of female nature,
" And ev'n from vice, which you 'd admire,
" I gather fuel to my fire,
" And on the very baſe of ſhame
" Erect my monument of fame.
" Let me another truth attempt
" Of which your godſhip has not dreamt.
" Thoſe ſhining virtues which you muſter
" Whence think you they derive their luſtre?
" From native honour and devotion?
" O yes, a mighty likely notion!
" Truſt me from titled dames to ſpinners
" 'Tis I make ſaints whoe'er make ſinners,
" 'Tis I inſtruct them to withdraw,
" And hold preſumptuous man in awe;
" For female worth as I inſpire
" In juſt degrees ſtill mounts the higher,
" And virtue ſo extremely nice
" Demands long toil and mighty price;

" Like Samſon's pillars, fix'd elate,
" I bear the ſex's tott'ring ſtate;
" Sap theſe, and in a moment's ſpace
" Down ſinks the fabrick to its baſe.
" Alike from titles and from toys
" I ſpring the fount of female joys;
" In ev'ry widow, wife, and miſs,
" The ſole artificer of bliſs:
" For them each tropick I explore,
" I cleave the ſand of ev'ry ſhore;
" To them uniting India's fail
" Sabæa breathes her farthest gale;
" For them the bullion I refine,
" Dig ſenſe and virtue from the mine,
" And from the bowels of invention
" Spin out the various arts you mention.
" Nor bliſs alone my pow'rs beſtow,
" They hold the ſov'reign balm of wo;
" Beyond the Stoick's boaſted art
" I ſooth the heavings of the heart,
" To pain give ſplendour and relief,
" And gild the pallid face of Grief.
" Alike the palace and the plain
" Admit the glories of my reign:
" Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
" Taſte, talents, tempers, ſtate, and ſtation,
" Whate'er a woman ſays I ſay,
" Whate'er a woman ſpends I pay;

" Alike I fill and empty bags,
" Flutter in finery and rags,
" With light coquettes thro' folly range,
" And with the prude diſdain to change.
" And now you 'd think 'twixt you and I
" That things were ripe for a reply——
" But ſoft, and while I 'm in the mood
" Kindly permit me to conclude,
" Their utmoſt mazes to unravel,
" And touch the fartheſt ſtep they travel.
" When ev'ry pleaſure 's run aground,
" And Folly tir'd thro' many a round,
" The nymph conceiving diſcontent hence
" May ripen to an hour's repentance,
" And vapours ſhed in pious moiſture
" Diſmiſs her to a church or cloiſter;
" Then on I lead her with devotion
" Conſpicuous in her dreſs and motion,
" Inſpire the heav'nly breathing air,
" Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
" Soften the voice, and in the face
" Look melting harmony and grace.
" Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
" Nor quits her in her lateſt hour;
" The couch of decent pain I ſpread,
" In form recline her languid head,
" Her thoughts I methodiſe in death,
" And part not with her parting breath;

" Then do I ſet in order bright
" A length of fun'ral pomp to ſight,
" The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
" The plumes that whiten o'er her bier,
" And laſt preſenting to her eye
" Angelick fineries on high,
" To ſcenes of painted bliſs I waft her,
" And form the heav'n ſhe hopes hereafter."
" In truth," rejoin'd Love's gentle god,
" You 'ave gone a tedious length of road,
" And ſtrange, in all the toilſome way
" No houſe of kind refreſhment lay,
" No nymph whoſe virtues might have tempted
" To hold her from her ſex exempted."
" For one we 'll never quarrel man;
" Take her and keep her if you can:
" And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
" Since ev'ry fair by ſuch permiſſion
" Will hold herſelf the one ſelected,
" And ſo my ſyſtem ſtands protected."
" O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
" To truths divinely vouch'd in ſtory!"
The godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd;
Then ſweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs rever'd of old,
Hypſipile who ſav'd her ſire,
And Portia's love approv'd by fire,

Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne paſs'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceſte's voluntary ſteel,
And Cath'rine ſmiling on the wheel.

But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some ſhe evades or diſavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things call'd fables!
And thus the goddeſs turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flaſh'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conqueſt of ſo fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view
A goddeſs whom our grandams knew,
Of aſpect grave and ſober gait,
Majeſtick, awful, and ſedate,
As heav'n's autumnal eve ſerene
When not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſcene,
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.

Quick at a venture both agree
To leave their ſtriſe to her decree.

And now by each the facts were ſtated
In form and manner as related:

The caſe was ſhort: they crav'd opinion
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the goddeſs anſw'ring mild,
Firſt ſhook her gracious head and ſmil'd:
"Alas! how willing to comply,
"Yet how unfit a judge am I!
"In times of golden date it is true
"I ſhar'd the fickle ſex with you,
"But from their preſence long precluded,
"Or held as one whoſe form intruded,
"Full fifty annual ſuns can tell
"Prudence has bid the ſex farewell."
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, ſtill biaſs'd in opinion,
And arrogant of ſole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the caſe compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
When in the nick a rural fair
Of inexperienc'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had croſs'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor ſeen the world beyond a wake,
With cambrick coif and kerchief clean
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.
"Now, now!" cry'd Love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conqueſt ſmil'd,
"If Vanity will once be guided
"Our diff'rence may be ſoon decided:
"Behold yon' wench, a fit occaſion
"To try your force of gay perſuaſion:

" Go you while I retire aloof,
" Go, put thoſe boaſted pow'rs to proof,
" And if your prevalence of art
" Tranſcends my yet unerring dart
" I give the fav'rite conteſt o'er,
" And ne'er will boaſt my empire more."

At once ſo ſaid and ſo conſented,
And well our goddeſs ſeem'd contented,
Nor pauſing made a moment's ſtand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Mean-while the godhead unalarm'd,
As one to each occaſion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart
That erſt had wounded many a heart,
Then bending drew it to the head;
The bowſtring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And to her ſecret ſoul addreſt
Tranſfix'd the whiteneſs of her breaſt.
But here the dame, whoſe guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly rang'd in order bright
A thouſand beauties ruſh to ſight,
A world of charms till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone.
Enraptur'd ſtands the loveſick maid
Suſpended o'er the darling ſhade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond deſire.

ODES.

THE DISCOVERY,

AN ODE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM.

——"Vir bonus est quis?" HOR.

I.

TAKE wing my Muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where Virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet she treads on British ground
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell?

II.

Not there where wine and frantick mirth
Unite the sensual sons of earth
In Pleasure's thoughtless train,
Nor yet where sanctity 's a show,
Where souls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliss or pain.

III.

Her social heart alike disowns
The race who shunning crowds and thrones

In ſhades ſequeſter'd doze,
Whoſe ſloth no gen'rous care can wake,
Who rot like weeds on Lethe's lake
In ſenſeleſs vile repoſe. 12

IV.

With theſe ſhe ſhuns the factious tribe
Who ſpurn the yet unoffer'd bribe
And at Corruption lower,
Waiting till Diſcord Havock cries,
In hopes like Catiline to riſe
On anarchy to pow'r! 24

V.

Ye Wits! who boaſt from ancient times
A right divine to ſcourge our crimes,
Is it with you ſhe reſts?
No; int'reſt, ſlander, are your views,
And Virtue now with ev'ry Muſe
Flies your unhallow'd breaſts. 36

VI.

There was a time, I heard her ſay,
Ere females were ſeduc'd by play,
When Beauty was her throne;
But now where dwelt the Soft Deſires
The Furies light forbidden fires
To Love and her unknown. 36

VII.

From theſe th' indignant goddeſs flies,
And where the ſpires of Science riſe

A while ſuſpends her wing,
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the air
And pois'ning ev'ry ſpring.

VIII.

Long thro' the ſky's wide pathleſs way
The Muſe obſerv'd the wand'rer ſtray
And mark'd her laſt retreat;
O'er Surry's barren heaths ſhe flew,
Deſcending like the ſilent dew
On Eſher's peaceful ſeat.

IX.

There ſhe beholds the gentle Mole
His penſive waters calmly roll
Amidſt Elyſian ground;
There thro' the windings of the grove
She leads her family of Love,
And ſtrews her ſweets around.

X.

I hear her bid the daughters fair
Oft' to yon' gloomy grot repair
Her ſecret ſteps to meet;
"Nor thou," ſhe cries, "theſe ſhades forſake,
"But come, lov'd Conſort! come and make
"The huſband's bliſs complete."

XI.

Yet not too much the ſoothing eaſe
Of rural indolence ſhall pleaſe

My Pelham's ardent breaſt:
The man whom Virtue calls her own
Muſt ſtand the pillar of a throne
And make a nation bleſt.

XII.

Pelham! it is thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's publick weal,
Attack'd on ev'ry part:
Her fatal diſcords to compoſe,
Unite her friends, diſarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

XIII.

When bold Rebellion ſhook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntleſs hand
Her barb'rous army fled;
When Valour droop'd and Wiſdom fear'd
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
And rais'd her languid head.

XIV.

Now by thy ſtrong aſſiſting hand
Fix'd on a rock I ſee her ſtand,
Againſt whoſe ſolid feet
In vain thro' ev'ry future age
The loudeſt moſt tempeſtuous rage
Of angry War ſhall beat.

XV.

And grieve not if the ſons of ſtrife
Attempt to cloud thy ſpotleſs life

And ſhade its brighteſt ſcenes;
Wretches! by kindneſs unſubdu'd,
Who ſee who ſhare the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

XVI.

Like theſe the metaphyſick crew,
Proud to be ſingular and new,
Think all they ſee deceit,
Are warm'd and cheriſh'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

ODE,
TO GARRICK,
UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I were married. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I.

No, no; the left-hand box in blue:
There! do n't you see her?—"See her! Who?"
Nay hang me if I tell.
There 's Garrick in the musick-box!
Watch but his eyes: see there!—"O pox!
"Your servant, Ma'moiselle."

II.

But tell me David, is it true?
Lord help us! what will some folks do?
How will they curse this stranger!
What! fairly taken in for life!
A sober, serious, wedded wife!
O fy upon you Ranger!

III.

The clergy too have join'd the chat:
"A Papist!—Has he thought of that?
"Or means he to convert her?"
Troth Boy! unless your zeal be stout
The nymph may turn your faith about
By arguments experter.

IV.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,
Wild as the witches in Macbeth,
Aſk if the deed be done?
O David! liſten to my lay,
I 'll propheſy the things they 'll ſay;
For tongues you know will run.

V.

" And pray what other news d' ye hear?
" Marry'd!—But do n't you think my Dear!
" He 's growing out of faſhion?
" People may fancy what they will,
" But Quin 's the only actor ſtill
" To touch the tender paſſion.

VI.

" Nay, Madam, did you mind laſt night
" His Archer? not a line on 't right!
" I thought I heard ſome hiſſes.
" Good God! if Billy Mills thought I,
" Or Billy Havard, would but try
" They 'd beat him all to pieces.

VII.

" 'Twas prudent tho' to drop his Bayes——
" And *(entre nous)* the Laureate ſays
" He hopes he 'll give up Richard:
" But then it tickles me to ſee
" In Haſtings ſuch a ſhrimp as he
" Attempt to raviſh Pritchard.

VIII.

" The fellow pleas'd me well enough
" In—what d' ye call it? Hoadley's ſtuff;
" There 's ſomething there like nature:
" Juſt ſo in life he runs about,
" Plays at bopeep, now in now out,
" But hurts no mortal creature. 48

IX.

" And then there 's Belmont to be ſure—
" O ho! my gentle Neddy Moore!
" How does my good Lord Mayor?
" And have you left Cheapſide my Dear!
" And will you write again next year
" To ſhew your fav'rite player? 54

X.

" But Merope we own is fine;
" Eumenes charms in ev'ry line;
" How prettily he vapours!
" So gay his dreſs, ſo young his look,
" One would have ſworn 't was Mr. Cook,
" Or Mathews cutting capers." 60

XI.

Thus, David, will the ladies ſtout,
And councils hold at ev'ry rout
To alter all your plays;
Yates ſhall be Benedict next year,
Macklin be Richard, Taſwell Lear,
And Kitty Clive be Bayes. 66

XII.

Two parts they readily allow
Are your's, but not one more they vow,
And thus they close their spite:
You will be Sir John Brute they say,
A very Sir John Brute all day
And Fribble all the night.

XIII.

But tell me Fair Ones! is it so?
You all did love him once * we know;
What then provokes your gall?
Forbear to rail—I 'll tell you why;
Quarrels may come or Madam die,
And then there 's hope for all.

XIV.

And now a word or two remains
Sweet Davy! and I close my strains.
Think well ere you engage;
Vapours and ague-fits may come,
And matrimonial claims at home
Unnerve you for the stage.

XV.

But if you find your spirits right,
Your mind at ease and body tight,
Take her; you cann't do better:
A pox upon the tattling Town!
The fops that join to cry her down
Would give their ears to get her.

* Julius Cæsar.

XVI.

Then if her heart be good and kind,
(And ſure that face beſpeaks a mind
As ſoft as woman's can be)
You 'll grow as conſtant as a dove,
And taſte the purer ſweets of love
Unviſited by Ranby. 96

MISCELLANIES.

THE TRIAL
OF SELIM THE PERSIAN,
FOR DIVERS HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANOURS.

The court was met, the pris'ner brought,
The council with inſtructions fraught,
And evidence prepar'd at large
On oath to vindicate the charge.

But firſt it is meet where form denies
Poetick helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors and figures fine,
And ſimilies to deck the line,
'Tis meet (as we before have ſaid)
To call deſcription to our aid.

Begin we then (as firſt it is fitting)
With the three Chiefs in judgment ſitting.

Above the reſt, and in the chair,
Sat Faction with diſſembled air;
Her tongue was ſkill'd in ſpecious lies
And murmurs, whence diſſenſions riſe,
A ſmiling maſk her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd,
With ſtudy'd blandiſhments ſhe bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd,

The next in place, and on the right,
Sat Envy, hideous to the ſight!
Her ſnaky locks, her hollow eyes
And haggard form forbad diſguiſe;
Pale diſcontent and ſullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead ſat,
Her left-hand clench'd her cheek ſuſtain'd,
Her right (with many a murder ſtain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to ſtrike
With ſtarts of rage and aim oblique.

Laſt on the left was Clamour ſeen,
Of ſtature vaſt and horrid mien;
With bloated cheeks and frantick eyes
She ſent her yellings to the ſkies,
Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand
To blow ſedition o'er the land.

With theſe four more of leſſer fame
And humbler rank attendant came,
Hypocriſy with ſmiling grace,
And Impudence with brazen face,
Contention bold with iron lungs,
And Slander with her hundred tongues.

The walls in ſculptur'd tale were rich,
And ſtatues proud (in many a nich)
Of chiefs who fought in Faction's cauſe,
And periſh'd for contempt of laws:
The roof in vary'd light and ſhade
The ſeat of Anarchy diſplay'd:

Triumphant o'er a falling throne
(By emblematick figures known)
Confuſion rag'd and Luſt obſcene,
And Riot with diſtemper'd mien,
And Outrage bold and Miſchief dire,
And Devaſtation clad in fire:
Prone on the ground a martial maid
Expiring lay and groan'd for aid,
Her ſhield with many a ſtab was pierc'd,
Her laurels torn, her ſpear revers'd,
And near her crouch'd amidſt the ſpoils
A lion panted in the toils.

With look compos'd the pris'ner ſtood
And modeſt pride: by turns he view'd
The court, the council, and the crowd,
And with ſubmiſſive rev'rence bow'd.

Proceed we now in humbler ſtrains
And lighter rhymes with what remains.

Th' indictment grievouſly ſet forth
That Selim, loſt to patriot worth,
(In company with one Will P——tt,
And many more not taken yet)
In Forty-five the royal palace
Did enter, and to ſhame grown callous
Did then and there his faith forſake,
And did accept, receive, and take,
With miſchievous intent and baſe,
Value unknown, a certain place.

He was a ſecond time indicted
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's ſhare
(Which parſons want and he might ſpare)
In Letter to one Gilbert Weſt
He the ſaid Selim did atteſt,
Maintain, ſupport, and make aſſertion,
Of certain points from Paul's Converſion,
By means whereof the ſaid apoſtle
Did many an unbeliever joſtle,
Starting unfaſhionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.

A third charge ran, that knowing well
Wits only eat as pamphlets ſell,
He the ſaid Selim notwithſtanding
Did fall to anſw'ring, ſhaming, branding,
Three curious Letters to the Whigs,
Making no reader care three figs
For any facts contain'd therein,
By which uncharitable ſin
An author modeſt and deſerving
Was deſtin'd to contempt and ſtarving,
Againſt the king, his crown and peace,
And all the ſtatutes in that caſe.

The pleader roſe with brief full charg'd,
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—
But not to damp the Muſe's fire
With rhet'rick ſuch as courts require,

We 'll try to keep the reader warm,
And ſift the matter from the form.
Virtue and ſocial love he ſaid,
And honour, from the land were fled;
That patriots now like other folks
Were made the butt of vulgar jokes,
While Oppoſition dropp'd her creſt,
And courted pow'r for wealth and reſt;
Why ſome folks laugh'd and ſome folks rail'd,
Why ſome ſubmitted ſome aſſail'd,
Angry or pleas'd—all ſolv'd the doubt
With who were in and who were out;
The ſons of Clamour grew ſo fickly
They look'd for diſſolution quickly;
Their Weekly Journals, finely written,
Were ſunk in privies all beſh—n,
Old England and the London Evening
Hardly a ſoul was found believing in,
And Caleb, once ſo bold and ſtrong,
Was ſtupid now and always wrong.
Aſk ye whence roſe this foul diſgrace?
Why Selim has receiv'd a place,
And thereby brought the cauſe to ſhame,
Proving that people void of blame
Might ſerve their country and their king
By making both the ſelfſame thing,
By which the credulous believ'd
And others (by ſtrange arts deceiv'd)

That miniſters were ſometimes right,
And meant not to deſtroy us quite.
That bart'ring thus in ſtate affairs
He next muſt deal in ſacred wares,
The clergy's rights divine invade,
And ſmuggle in the goſpel trade;
And all this zeal to reinſtate
Exploded notions out of date,
Sending old rakes to church in ſhoals,
Like children ſniv'ling for their ſouls,
And ladies gay from ſmut and libels
To learn beliefs and read their Bibles,
Erecting conſcience for a tutor,
To damn the preſent by the future,
As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal,
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterneſs, and wo,
With ſhort tranſitions of delight
To ſet the ſhatter'd ſpirits right;
Then why ſuch mighty pains and care
To make us humbler than we are?
Forbidding ſhortliv'd mirth and laughter
By fears of what may come hereafter;
Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear but who believe a hell;
And if there ſhould be one, no doubt
Men of themſelves would find it out,

But Selim's crimes he ſaid went further,
And barely ſtopp'd on this ſide murther;
One yet remain'd to cloſe the charge
To which (with leave) he 'd ſpeak at large.
And firſt 't was needful to premiſe
That tho' ſo long (for reaſons wiſe)
The preſs inviolate had ſtood,
Productive of the publick good,
Yet ſtill too modeſt to abuſe
It rail'd at vice but told not whoſe;
That great improvements of late days
Were made to many an author's praiſe,
Who not ſo ſcrupulouſly nice
Proclaim'd the perſon with the vice,
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the reſt for granted.
Upon this plan a champion * roſe
Unrighteous greatneſs to oppoſe,
Proving the man *inventus non eſt*
Who trades in pow'r and ſtill is honeſt;
And (God be prais'd!) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto ſoundly;
But chief his anger was directed
Where people leaſt of all ſuſpected,
And Selim not ſo ſtrong as tall
Beneath his graſp appear'd to fall,

* Author of the Letters to the Whigs.

But Innocence (as people say)
Stood by and sav'd him in the fray:
By her assisted and one Truth,
A busy, prating, forward, youth,
He rally'd all his strength anew,
And at the foe a Letter threw;
His weakest part the weapon found,
And brought him senseless to the ground;
Hence Opposition fled the field
And Ign'rance with her sev'nfold shield;
And well they might, (for things weigh'd fully)
The pris'ner with his whore and bully
Must prove for ev'ry foe too hard
Who never fought with such a guard.
But Truth and Innocence he said
Would stand him here in little stead,
For they had evidence on oath
That would appear too hard for both.
Of witnesses a fearful train
Came next th' indictments to sustain,
Detraction, Hatred, and Distrust,
And Party, of all foes the worst,
Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
And Disappointment, worn with grief,
Dishonour foul, unaw'd by shame,
And ev'ry fiend that vice can name:
All these in ample form depos'd
Each fact the triple charge disclos'd

With taunts and gibes of bitter ſort,
And aſking vengeance from the court.
The pris'ner ſaid in his defence
That he indeed had ſmall pretence
To ſoften facts ſo deeply ſworn,
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more, he hop'd than bare repentance
Might ſtill be urg'd to ward the ſentence.
That he had held a place ſome years
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives baſe,
Th' indictment there miſtook the caſe;
And tho' he had betray'd his truſt
In being to his country juſt,
Neglecting Faction and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might ceaſe,
And jarring parties mix in peace.
That what he wrote to Gilbert Weſt
Bore hard againſt him he confeſt;
Yet there they wrong'd him, for the fact is
He reaſon'd for belief not practice,
And people might believe he thought,
Tho' practice might be deem'd a fault.
He either dream'd it or was told
Religion was rever'd of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and ſenſe;

But whether this was truth or whim
He would not say; the doubt with him
(And no great harm he hop'd) was how
Th' enlighten'd world would take it now;
If they admitted it 'twas well,
If not he never talk'd of hell,
Nor ev'n hop'd to change men's measures
Or frighten ladies from their pleasures.

One accusation he confest
Had touch'd him more than all the rest,
Three Patriot Letters high in fame
By him o'erthrown and brought to shame:
And tho' it was a rule in vogue
If one man call'd another rogue
The party injur'd might reply
And on his foe retort the lie,
Yet what accru'd from all his labour
But foul dishonour to his neighbour?
And he 's a most unchristian elf
Who others damns to save himself.
Besides, as all men knew, he said
Those Letters only rail'd for bread,
And hunger was a known excuse
For prostitution and abuse;
A guinea properly apply'd
Had made the writer change his side:
He wish'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
And own'd he should have bought not starv'd him.

The court he ſaid knew all the reſt,
And muſt proceed as they thought beſt,
Only he hop'd ſuch reſignation
Would plead ſome little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults, (and friends were near
Who would when call'd upon atteſt it)
He did in humbleſt form requeſt it
To be from puniſhment exempt,
And only ſuffer their contempt.

The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
Integrity and Honour ſwore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty;
Religion, ſober dame! attended,
And as ſhe could his cauſe befriended;
She ſaid 't was ſince he came from college
She knew him, introduc'd by Knowledge;
The man was modeſt and ſincere,
Nor farther could ſhe interfere.
The Muſes begg'd to interpoſe,
But Envy with loud hiſſings roſe,
And call'd them women of ill fame,
Liars, and proſtitutes to ſhame,
And ſaid to all the world 't was known
Selim had had them ev'ry one.

The pris'ner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,
When silence was proclaim'd around,
And Faction, rising with the rest,
In form the pris'ner thus addrest:
" You Selim thrice have been indicted,
" First that by wicked pride excited,
" And bent your country to disgrace,
" You have receiv'd and held a place;
" Next, infidelity to wound,
" You 'ave dar'd with arguments profound
" To drive freethinking to a stand,
" And with religion vex the land;
" And lastly, in contempt of right,
" With horrid and unnat'ral spite
" You have an author's fame o'erthrown,
" Thereby to build and fence your own.
" These crimes successive on your trial
" Have met with proofs beyond denial,
" To which yourself with shame conceded,
" And but in mitigation pleaded;
" Yet that the justice of the court
" May suffer not in men's report,
" Judgment a moment I suspend
" To reason as from friend to friend.
" And first, that you of all mankind
" With kings and courts should stain your mind;
" You! who were Opposition's lord,
" Her nerves, her sinews, and her sword!

" That you at laſt for ſervile ends
" Should wound the bowels of her friends!—
" Is aggravation of offence
" That leaves for mercy no pretence.
" Yet more,—for you to urge your hate,
" And back the church to aid the ſtate,
" For you to publiſh ſuch a Letter,
" You! who have known religion better,
" For you I ſay to introduce
" The fraud again!—there 's no excuſe:
" And laſt of all, to crown your ſhame,
" Was it for you to load with blame
" The writings of a patriot youth,
" And ſummon Innocence and Truth
" To prop your cauſe!—Was this for you!—
" But juſtice does your crimes purſue,
" And ſentence now alone remains,
" Which thus by me the court ordains:
" That you return from whence you came,
" There to be ſtript of all your fame
" By vulgar hands; that once a week
" Old England pinch you till you ſqueak;
" That ribald Pamphlets do purſue you,
" And Lies and Murmurs, to undo you,
" With ev'ry foe that Worth procures,
" And only Virtue's friends be your's."

THE TRIAL

OF SARAH ****, ALIAS SLIM SAL,

FOR PRIVATELY STEALING.

THE pris'ner was at large indicted,
For that by thirst of gain excited,
One day in July last at tea,
And in the house of Mrs. P.——
From the left breast of E. M. Gent.
With base felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with strings,
Rest, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal, rob, and plunder, and all them
The chattels of the said E. M.

The prosecutor swore last May
(The month he knew but not the day)
He left his friends in Town, and went
Upon a visit down in Kent;
That staying there a month or two
He spent his time, as others do,
In riding, walking, fishing, swimming,
But being much inclin'd to women,
And young and wild, and no great reas'ner,
He got acquainted with the pris'ner.
He own'd 't was rumour'd in those parts
That she 'd a trick of stealing hearts,

And from fifteen to twenty-two
Had made the devil-and-all to do:
But Mr. W. the Vicar
(And no man brews you better liquor)
Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,
The frolicks of a girl forſooth;
Things now were on another ſcore
He ſaid, for ſhe was twenty-four.
However, to make matters ſhort,
And not to treſpaſs on the court,
The lady was diſcover'd ſoon,
And thus it was. One afternoon,
The ninth of July laſt, or near it,
(As to the day he could not ſwear it)
In company at Mrs. P's,
Where folks ſay any thing they pleaſe,
Dean L. and Lady Mary by,
And Fanny waiting on Miſs Y.
(He own'd he was inclin'd to think
Both were a little in their drink)
The priſ'ner aſk'd, and call'd him Couſin,
How many kiſſes made a dozen?
That being as he own'd in liquor
The queſtion made his blood run quicker,
And ſenſe and reaſon in eclipſe
He vow'd he 'd ſcore them on her lips:
That riſing up to keep his word
He got as far as kiſs the third,

And would have counted th' other nine,
And so all present did opine,
But that he felt a sudden dizziness
That quite undid him for the business;
His speech he said began to falter,
His eyes to stare, his mouth to water,
His breast to thump without cessation,
And all within one conflagration.
"Bless me!" says Fanny, "what 's the matter?"
And Lady Mary look'd hard at her,
And stamp'd and wish'd the pris'ner further,
And cry'd out, "Part them, or there 's murther!"
That still he held the pris'ner fast,
And would have stood it to the last,
But struggling to go thro' the rest
He felt a pain across his breast,
A sort of sudden twinge he said,
That seem'd almost to strike him dead,
And after that such cruel smarting
He thought the soul and body parting:
That then he let the pris'ner go,
And stagger'd off a step or so,
And thinking that his heart was ill
He begg'd of Miss Y 's maid to feel:
That Fanny stepp'd before the rest
And laid her hand upon his breast,
But mercy on us! what a stare
The creature gave! no heart was there:

Souse went her fingers in the hole,
Whence heart and strings and all were stole:
That Fanny turn'd and told the pris'ner
She was a thief, and so she 'd christen her,
And that it was a burning shame,
And brought the house an evil name,
And if she did not put the heart in
The man would pine and die for certain.
The pris'ner then was in her airs,
And bid her mind her own affairs,
And told his Rev'rence and the rest of 'em
She was as honest as the best of 'em:
That lady Mary and dean L.
Rose up and said 't was mighty well;
But that in gen'ral terms they said it,
A heart was gone and some one had it;
Words would not do, for search they must,
And search they would, and her the first:
That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
And said she hop'd they would not hang her;
That all she did was meant in jest,
And there the heart was and the rest:
That then the dean cry'd out O fy!
And sent in haste for justice L.
Who tho' he knew her friends and pity'd her
Call'd her hard names, and so committed her.
The parties present swore the same,
And Fanny said the pris'ner's name

Had frighten'd all the country round,
And glad she was the bill was found:
She knew a man who knew another,
Who knew the very party's brother
Who lost his heart by mere surprise
One morning looking at her eyes;
And others had been known to squeak
Who only chanc'd to hear her speak;
For she had words of such a sort
That tho' she knew no reason for 't
Would make a man of sense run mad,
And rifle him of all he had;
And that she 'd rob the whole community
If ever she had opportunity.

The pris'ner now first silence broke,
And curtsy'd round her as she spoke.
She own'd she said it much incens'd her
To hear such matters sworn against her,
But that she hop'd to keep her temper,
And prove herself *eadem semper*:
That what the prosecutor swore
Was some part true and some part more:
She own'd she had been often seen with him,
And laugh'd and chatted on the green with him;
The fellow seem'd to have humanity,
And told her tales that sooth'd her vanity,
Pretending that he lov'd her vastly,
And that all women else look'd ghastly:

But then she hop'd the court would think
She never was inclin'd to drink,
Or suffer hands like his to daub her,
Or encourage men to kiss and slobber her:
She 'd have folks know she did not love it,
Or if she did she was above it:
But this she said was sworn of course
To prove her giddy and then worse,
As she whose conduct was thought *levis*
Might very well be reckon'd thievish.
She hop'd she said the court's discerning
Would pay some honour to her learning,
For ev'ry day from four to past six
She went up stairs and read the classicks.
Thus having clear'd herself of levity,
The rest she said would come with brevity.
And first it injur'd not her honour
To own the heart was found upon her,
For she could prove, and did aver,
The paltry thing belong'd to her.
The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
Was once the humblest of her slaves,
And often had confess'd the dart
Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart:
That she, as 't was her constant fashion,
Made great diversion of his passion,
Which set his blood in such a ferment
As seem'd to threaten his interment:

That then she was afraid of losing him,
And so desisted from abusing him,
And often came and felt his pulse,
And bid him write to Doctor Hulse.
The prosecutor thank'd her kindly,
And sigh'd, and said she look'd divinely;
But told her that his heart was bursting,
And doctors he had little trust in;
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hop'd 't would mend if once she kept it:
That having no aversion to it,
She said with all her soul she 'd do it;
But then she begg'd him to remember
If he should need it in December
(For winter months would make folks shiver
Who wanted either heart or liver)
It never could return; and added
'Twas her's for life if once she had it.
The prosecutor said Amen,
And that he wish'd it not again,
And took it from his breast and gave her,
And bow'd and thank'd her for the favour,
But begg'd the thing might not be spoke of,
As heartless men were made a joke of:
That next day whisp'ring him about it,
And asking how he felt without it?
He sigh'd, and cry'd, "Alack! alack!"
And begg'd and pray'd to have it back,

Or that ſhe 'd give him her's inſtead on 't,
But ſhe conceiv'd there was no need on 't,
And ſaid and bid him make no pother,
He ſhould have neither one nor th' other:
That then he rav'd and ſtorm'd like Fury,
And ſaid that one was his *de jure*,
And rather than he 'd leave purſuing her
He 'd ſwear a robbery and ruin her.
That this was truth ſhe did aver
Whatever hap betided her;
Only that Mrs. P. ſhe ſaid,
Miſs Y. and her deluded maid,
And Lady Mary, and his Reverence,
Were folks to whom ſhe paid ſome deference,
And that ſhe verily believ'd
They were not perjur'd but deceiv'd.
Then Doctor D. begg'd leave to ſpeak,
And ſigh'd as if his heart would break.
He ſaid that he was Madam's ſurgeon,
Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgeon,
From *chier*, *manus*, *ergon*, *opus*,
(As ſcope is from the Latin *ſcopus*:)
That he he ſaid had known the priſoner
From the firſt ſun that ever riſe on her,
And griev'd he was to ſee her there,
But took upon himſelf to ſwear
There was not to be found in nature
A ſweeter or a better creature;

And if the king (God bleſs him!) knew her
He 'd leave St. James's to get to her;
But then as to the fact in queſtion
He knew no more on 't than Hephæſtion;
It might be falſe and might be true,
And this he ſaid was all he knew.

The judge proceeded to the charge,
And gave the evidence at large,
But often caſt a ſheep's eye at her,
And ſtrove to mitigate the matter,
Pretending facts were not ſo clear,
And mercy ought to interfere.

The jury then withdrew a moment
As if on weighty points to comment,
And right or wrong reſolv'd to ſave her
They gave a verdict in her favour.

But why or wherefore things were ſo
It matters not for us to know.
The culprit by eſcape grown bold
Pilfers alike from young and old,
The country all around her teaſes,
And robs or murders whom ſhe pleaſes.

ENVY AND FORTUNE,

A TALE.

TO MRS. GARRICK.

Says Envy to Fortune, "Soft, ſoft, Madam Flirt!
"Not ſo faſt with your wheel, you 'll be down in the
"dirt.
"Well, and how does your David? Indeed my dear
"creature!
"You 'ave ſhewn him a wonderful deal of good nature;
"His bags are ſo full and ſuch praiſes his due
"That the like was ne'er known—and allowing to you;
"But why won't you make him quite happy for life,
"And to all you have done add the gift of a wife?"
Says Fortune, and ſmil'd, "Madam Envy, God ſave ye!
"But why always ſneering at me and poor Davy?
"I own that ſometimes in contempt of all rules
"I laviſh my favours on blockheads and fools;
"But the caſe is quite different here I aver it,
"For David ne'er knew me till brought me by Merit.
"And yet to convince you—Nay, Madam, no hiſſes—
"Good manners at leaſt—Such behaviour as this is!"—
(For mention but Merit and Envy flies out
With a hiſs and a yell that would ſilence a rout.
But Fortune went on)—"To convince you I ſay
"That I honour your ſcheme I 'll about it to-day.

" The man shall be marry'd, so pray now be easy,
" And Garrick for once shall do something to please
So saying she rattled her wheel out of sight, [ye."
While Envy walk'd after and grinn'd with delight.
It seems it was a trick that she long had been brewing
To marry poor David and so be his ruin;
For Slander had told her the creature lov'd pelf,
And car'd not a fig for a soul but himself;
From thence she was sure had the devil a daughter
He'd snap at the girl so it was Fortune that brought her;
And then should her temper be sullen or haughty,
Her flesh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,
'Twould fret the poor fellow so out of his reason
That Barry and Quin would set fashions next season."
But Fortune, who saw what the Fury design'd,
Resolv'd to get David a wife to his mind,
Yet afraid of herself in a matter so nice
She visited Prudence and begg'd her advice.
The nymph shook her head when the business she knew,
And said that her female acquaintance were few;
That excepting Miss R**'*—O yes! there was one,
A friend of that lady's, she visited none;
But the first was too great and the last was too good,
And as for the rest she might get whom she cou'd."

Away hurry'd Fortune, perplex'd and half mad,
But her promise was pass'd, and a wife must be had:
She travers'd the Town from one corner to th' other,
Now knocking at one door and then at another.

The girls curtſy'd low as ſhe look'd in their faces,
And bridled and primm'd with abundance of graces;
But this was coquettiſh and that was a prude,
One ſtupid and dull, th' other noiſy and rude;
A third was affected, quite careleſs a fourth,
With prate without meaning and pride without worth;
A fifth, and a ſixth, and a ſeventh, were ſuch
As either knew nothing or ſomething too much.—
In ſhort as they paſs'd ſhe to all had objections,
The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd affec-
The prudent were ugly, the ſenſible dirty, [tion;
And all of them flirts from fifteen up to thirty.
When Fortune ſaw this ſhe began to look ſilly,
Yet ſtill ſhe went on till ſhe reach'd Piccadilly,
But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing late,
She reſted her wheel within Burlington gate.
My lady roſe up as ſhe ſaw her come in,
"O ho! Madam Genius! pray where have you been?"
(For her ladyſhip thought from ſo ſerious an air
'Twas Genius come home, for it ſeems ſhe liv'd there;)
But Fortune not minding her ladyſhip's blunder,
And wiping her forehead, cry'd "Well may you won-
"der
"To ſee me thus flurry'd"—then told her the caſe,
And ſigh'd till her ladyſhip laugh'd in her face.
"Mighty civil indeed!"—"Come, a truce," ſays my lady,
"A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid ye,

" I 'll shew you a girl that—Here, Martin, go tell—
" But she is gone to undress; by and by is as well—
" I 'll shew you a sight that you 'll fancy uncommon,
" Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman;
" A heart to no folly or mischief inclin'd,
" A body all grace and all sweetness a mind."
" O pray let me see her," says Fortune, and smil'd;
" Do but give her to me and I 'll make her my child—
" But who my Dear! who?—for you have not told
" yet"—
" Who indeed," says my lady, " if not Violette?"
The words were scarce spoke when she enter'd the room;
A blush at the stranger still heighten'd her bloom:
So humble her looks were, so mild was her air,
That Fortune astonish'd sat mute in her chair.
My lady rose up, and with countenance bland,
" This is Fortune my Dear!" and presented her hand:
The goddess embrac'd her and call'd her her own,
And compliments over her errand made known.

But how the sweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and trembled,
How oft she said No, and how ill she dissembled,
Or how little David rejoic'd at the news,
And swore from all others it was her he would chuse,
What methods he try'd and what arts to prevail,
All these were they told would but burden my tale—
In short all affairs were so happily carry'd
That hardly six weeks pass'd away till they marry'd.

But Envy grew ſick when the ſtory ſhe heard,
Violette was the girl that of all ſhe moſt fear'd;
She knew her good humour, her beauty and ſweetneſs,
Her eaſe and compliance, her taſte and her neatneſs;
From theſe ſhe was ſure that her man could not roam,
And muſt riſe on the ſtage from contentment at home:
So on ſhe went hiſſing, and inwardly curs'd her,
And Garrick next ſeaſon will certainly burſt her.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HENRY PELHAM,

The Humble Petition of the Worſhipful Company of

POETS AND NEWSWRITERS.

SHEWETH,

THAT your Honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of ſcandal for mending the times)
By loſſes in buſ'neſs and England's well doing
Are ſunk in their credit and verging on ruin.

That theſe their misfortunes they humbly conceive,
Ariſe not from dulneſs, as ſome folks believe,
But from rubs in their way which your Honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their uſe,
And meant their laſt breath ſhould go out in abuſe;
But now (and they ſpeak it with ſorrow and tears)
Since your Honour has ſat at the helm of affairs

No party will join them, no faction invite,
To heed what they say, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Diſcord, are fled,
And Slander ſcarce ventures to liſt up her head——
In ſhort, publick buſ'neſs is ſo carry'd on
That their country is ſav'd and the patriots undone.

To perplex them ſtill more, and ſure famine to bring,
(Now ſatire has loſt both its truth and its ſting)
If in ſpite of their natures they bungle at praiſe
Your Honour regards not, and nobody pays.

Your petitioners therefore moſt humbly entreat
(As the times will allow and your Honour thinks meet)
That meaſures be chang'd, and ſome cauſe of complaint
Be immediately furniſh'd to end their reſtraint,
Their credit thereby and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail and the nation believe.

Or elſe (if your wiſdom ſhall deem it all one)
Now the Parliament's riſing and buſ'neſs is done,
That your Honour would pleaſe at this dangerous criſis
To take to your boſom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themſelves and contention alive. I ſay,
In compaſſion, good Sir! give them ſomething to
And your Honour's petitioners ever ſhall pray.

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O Thou for whom my lyre I ſtring,
Of whom I ſpeak, and think, and ſing,
Thou conſtant object of my joys,
Whoſe ſweetneſs ev'ry wiſh employs,
Thou deareſt of thy ſex! attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring ſtrain,
No idle praiſe my verſe ſhall ſtain;
The lowly numbers ſhall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modeſty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not diſtant is the cruel day
That tears me from my hopes away;
Then frown not Faireſt! if I try
To ſteal the moiſture from your eye,
Or force your heart a ſigh to ſend
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew
But what aroſe from love and you,
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindneſs or diſdain;

Then let your looks their pity lend
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I ſtrove againſt the flame,
And ſuffer'd ills that want a name,
Yet ſtill the painful ſecret kept,
And to myſelf in ſilence wept,
Till now unable to contend
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I ſaw you ſtill: your gen'rous heart
In all my ſorrows bore a part,
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd
No words of hope your tongue beſtow'd,
But mildly bid me ceaſe to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with deſire and mad with pain
I ſeek for happineſs in vain:
Thou lovely Maid! to thee I cry;
Heal me with kindneſs or I die!
From ſad deſpair my ſoul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Curs'd be all wealth that can deſtroy
My utmoſt hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts O Fortune I reſign,
Let her and Poverty be mine!

And ev'ry year that life ſhall lend
Shall bleſs the Lover and the Friend.

OR

In vain alas! in vain I ſtrive
To keep a dying hope alive:
The laſt ſad remedy remains;
'Tis abſence that muſt heal my pains,
Thy image from my boſom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! tho' ſeas between us roll
Thy love is rooted in my ſoul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea muſt depart,
And Death's deciſive ſtroke muſt end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

THE NUN,

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

OF Conſtance holy legends tell,
The ſofteſt ſiſter of the cell;
None ſent to heav'n ſo ſweet a cry,
Or roll'd at maſs ſo bright an eye.
No wanton taint her boſom knew,
Her hours in heav'nly viſion flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight pray'rs,
And thus ſhe breath'd divineſt airs.

AIR.

"In hallow'd walks and awful cells,
"Secluded from the light and vain,
"The chaſte-ey'd maid with Virtue dwells,
"And ſolitude and ſilence reign.

"The wanton's voice is heard not here;
"To Heav'n the ſacred pile belongs;
"Each wall returns the whiſper'd pray'r,
"And echoes but to holy ſongs."

RECITATIVE.

Alas! that pamper'd monks ſhould dare
Intrude where ſainted Veſtals are!
Ah Francis, Francis! well I weet
Thoſe holy looks are all deceit.
With ſhame the Muſe prolongs her tale,
The prieſt was young, the Nun was frail,
Devotion falter'd on her tongue,
Love tun'd her voice, and thus ſhe ſung:

AIR.

"Alas! how deluded was I
"To fancy delights as I did,
"With maidens at midnight to ſigh,
"And love the ſweet paſſion forbid!

"O Father! my follies forgive,
"And ſtill to abſolve me be nigh;
"Your leſſons have taught me to live,
"Come teach me, O teach me! to die.

To her arms in a rapture he ſprung,
Her boſom half naked met his,
Tranſported in ſilence ſhe hung,
And melted away at each kiſs.

" Ah Father! expiring ſhe cry'd,
" With rapture I yield up my breath!"
" Ah Daughter! he fondly reply'd,
" The righteous find comfort in death."

SOLOMON,

A SERENATA, IN THREE PARTS.

SET TO MUSICK BY DR. BOYCE.

PART I.

CHORUS.

" Behold Jeruſalem! thy king,
" Whoſe praiſes all the nations ſing.
" To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
" All arts and wiſdom under heav'n:
" For him the tuneful virgin throng
" Of Zion's daughters ſwell the ſong,
" While young and old their voices raiſe,
" And wake the echoes with his praiſe."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. From the mountains lo! he comes,
Breathing from his lips perfumes,
While zephirs on his garments play,
And ſweets thro' all the air convey.

AIR.

SHE. "Tell me, lovely Shepherd! where
"Thou feed'ſt at noon thy fleecy care?
"Direct me to the ſweet retreat
"That guards thee from the mid-day heat,
"Leſt by the flocks I lonely ſtray
"Without a guide and loſe my way:
"Where reſt at noon thy bleating care,
"Gentle Shepherd! tell me where?"

AIR.

HE. "Faireſt of the virgin throng!
"Doſt thou ſeek thy ſwain's abode?
"See yon' fertile vale along
"The new-worn path the flocks have trod;
"Purſue the prints their feet have made
"And they ſhall guide thee to the ſhade."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple, on whoſe boughs
Ripe fruit with ſtreaky beauty glows,
Excels the trees that ſhade the grove,
So ſhines among his ſex my love.

AIR.

"Beneath his ample ſhade I lay
"Defended from the ſultry day,

" His cooling fruit my thirſt aſſuag'd,
" And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd,
" Till ſated with the luſcious taſte
" I roſe and bleſt the ſweet repaſt."

RECITATIVE.

HE. Who quits the lily's fleecy white
To fix on meaner flow'rs the ſight?
Or leaves the roſe's ſtem untorn
To crop the bloſſom from the thorn?
Unrivall'd thus thy beauties are;
So ſhines my love among the fair.

AIR.

" Balmy ſweetneſs ever flowing
" From her dropping lips diſtils,
" Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
" And her voice with muſick thrills.

" Zephirs o'er the ſpices flying,
" Wafting ſweets from ev'ry tree,
" Sick'ning ſenſe with odours cloying,
" Breath not half ſo ſweet as ſhe."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Let not my prince his ſlave deſpiſe,
Or paſs me with unheeding eyes,
Becauſe the ſun's diſcolouring rays
Have chas'd the lily from my face:
My envious ſiſters ſaw my bloom
And drove me from my mother's home;

Unſhelter'd all the ſcorching day
They made me in their vineyard ſtay.

AIR.

" Ah ſimple me! my own more dear,
" My own alas! was not my care;
" Invading Love the fences broke
" And tore the cluſters from the ſtock,
" With eager graſp the fruit deſtroy'd,
" Nor reſted till the ravage cloy'd."

AIR.

HE. " Fair and comely is my love,
" And ſofter than the blueey'd dove;
" Down her neck the wanton locks
" Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
" Her teeth like flocks in beauty ſeem
" New ſhorn, and dropping from the ſtream;
" Her glowing lips by far outvie
" The plaited threads of ſcarlet dye;
" Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks the accents wound,
" And muſick floats upon the ſound."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Forbear, O charming Swain! forbear,
Thy voice enchants my liſt'ning ear,
And while I gaze my boſom glows,
My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows,
The ſhades of night hang o'er my eyes,
And ev'ry ſenſe within me dies.

AIR.

" O fill with cooling juice the bowl,
" Assuage the fever in my soul!
" With copious draughts my thirst remove,
" And sooth the heart that 's sick of love."

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

HE.

THE cheerful spring begins to-day,
Arise my Fair One! come away.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet musick steals along the air—
Hark!—my beloved's voice I hear.

AIR.

HE. " Arise my Fair! and come away,
" The cheerful spring begins to-day;
" Bleak Winter 's gone with all his train
" Of chilling frosts and dropping rain:
" Amidst the verdure of the mead
" The primrose lifts her velvet head,
" The warbling birds the woods among
" Salute the season with a song,
" The cooing turtle in the grove
" Renews his tender tale of love,
" The vines their infant tendrils shoot,
" The figtree bends with early fruit;

" All welcome in the genial ray:
" Arise my Fair! and come away.

CHORUS.

" All welcome in the genial ray:
" Arise O Fair One! come away.

DUET.

" Together let us range the fields
" Impearled with the morning dew,
" Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
" Or the apple's clust'ring bough;
" There in close-embower'd shades,
" Impervious to the noontide ray,
" By tinkling rills on rosy beds
" We 'll love the sultry hours away."

RECITATIVE.

HE. How lovely art thou to the sight,
For pleasure form'd and sweet delight!
Tall as the palmtree is thy shape,
Thy breasts are like the clust'ring grape.

AIR.

" Let me, Love! thy bole ascending,
" On the swelling clusters feed,
" With my grasp the vinetree bending
" In my close embrace shall bleed.

" Stay me with delicious kisses
" From thy honey-dropping mouth,
" Sweeter than the summer breezes
" Blowing from the genial South."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O that a ſiſter's ſpecious name
Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!
Uncenſur'd then I 'd own my love,
And chaſteſt virgins ſhould approve;
Then fearleſs to my mother's bed
My ſeeming brother would I lead;
Soft tranſports ſhould the hours employ,
And the deceit ſhould crown the joy.

AIR.

"Soft! I adjure you by the fawns
"That bound acroſs the flow'ry lawns,
"Ye Virgins! that ye lightly move,
"Nor with your whiſpers wake my love."

RECITATIVE.

HE. My fair 's a garden of delight
Enclos'd and hid from vulgar ſight,
Where ſtreams from bubbling fountains ſtray
And roſes deck the verdant way.

AIR.

"Softly ariſe, O Southern Breeze!
"And kindly fan the blooming trees,
"Upon my ſpicy garden blow,
"That ſweets from ev'ry part may flow."

CHORUS.

"Ye Southern Breezes! gently blow,
"That ſweets from ev'ry part may flow."

PART III.

AIR.

HE.

"ARISE my Fair! the doors unfold,
"Receive me shiv'ring with the cold."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes
And tells me my beloved speaks.

AIR.

HE. "Arise my Fair! the doors unfold,
"Receive me shiv'ring with the cold;
"The chill drops hang upon my head,
"And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erspread:
"Receive me dropping to thy breast,
"And lull me in thy arms to rest."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Obedient to thy voice I hie,
The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

"Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
"Where is my lovely wand'rer flown?
"Ye blooming Virgins! as you rove
"If chance you meet my straying love
"I charge you tell him how I mourn
"And pant and die for his return."

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

" Who is thy love O charming Maid!
" That from thy arms so late has stray'd?
" Say what distinguish'd charms adorn
" And finish out his radiant form?"

AIR.

SHE. " On his face the vernal rose
" Blended with the lily glows;
" His locks are as the raven black,
" In ringlets waving down his back;
" His eyes with milder beauties beam
" Than billing doves beside the stream;
" His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs
" Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs;
" His lips are of the rose's hue,
" Dropping with a fragrant dew;
" Tall as the cedar he appears,
" And as erect his form he bears.
" This, O ye Virgins! is the swain
" Whose absence causes all my pain."

RECITATIVE.

HE. Sweet Nymph! whom ruddier charms adorn
Than open with the rosy morn,
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
And as the sun in splendour bright,
Thy beauties dazzle from afar
Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O take me, ſtamp me on thy breaſt,
Deep let the image be impreſt!
For Love like armed Death is ſtrong,
Rudely he drags his ſlaves along:
If once to jealouſy he turns
With never-dying rage he burns.

DUET.

"Thou ſoft invader of the ſoul,
"O Love! who ſhall thy pow'r control?
"To quench thy fires whole rivers drain
"Thy burning heat ſhall ſtill remain.
"In vain we trace the globe to try
"If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
"The treaſures of the world will prove
"Too poor a bribe to purchaſe Love.

CHORUS.

"In vain we trace the globe to try
"If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
"The treaſures of the world will prove
"Too poor a bribe to purchaſe Love."

A HYMN TO POVERTY.

O Poverty! thou ſource of human art,
Thou great inſpirer of the poet's ſong!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
Attend in vain, unleſs thy mighty hand

Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvaſs breathes no longer. Muſick's charms
Uninfluenc'd by thee forget to pleaſe:
Thou giv'ſt the organ ſound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine;
Thou gav'ſt to Nicolini ev'ry grace,
And ev'ry charm to Farinelli's ſong.
By thee the lawyer pleads. The ſoldier's arm
Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gownman feels,
And urg'd by thee unfolds Heav'n's myſtick truths.
The haughty fair that ſwells with proud diſdain,
And ſmiles at miſchiefs which her eyes have made,
Thou humbleſt to ſubmit and bleſs mankind.
Hail, Pow'r Omnipotent! me uninvok'd
Thou deign'ſt to viſit, far alas! unfit
To bear thy awful preſence. O retire!
At diſtance let me view thee, leſt too nigh
I ſink beneath the terrours of thy face.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD,

In the Character of a Critick with a Catcal in his Hand.

Are you all ready? here 's your muſick, here *.
Author! ſneak off; we 'll tickle you my dear.

* Blowing his catcal.

The fellow ſtopp'd me in a helliſh fright—
" Pray Sir," ſays he, " muſt I be damn'd to-night?"
" Damn'd! ſurely friend. Don't hope for our compli-
" ance;
" Zounds Sir! a ſecond play 's downright defiance.
" Tho' once poor Rogue! we pity'd your condition,
" Here 's the true recipe for repetition."
" Well Sir," ſays he, " e'en as you pleaſe; ſo then
" I 'll never trouble you with plays again."
" But hark ye Poet!—Won't you tho," ſays I?
" 'Pon honour"—Then we 'll damn you, let me die."
Sha' n't we my Bucks? let 's take him at his word;
Damn him, or by my ſoul he 'll write a third.
The man wants money I ſuppoſe—but mind ye—
Tell him you 'ave left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we Bloods had bowels for a bard!
Beſides, what men of ſpirit now-a-days
Come to give ſober judgments of new plays?
It argues ſome good nature to be quiet—
Good nature!—ay—but then we loſe a riot.
The ſcribbling fool may beg and make a fuſs;
'Tis death to him—what then?—'tis ſport to us.
Don't mind me tho'—for all my fun and jokes
The bard may find us Bloods good natur'd folks,
No crabbed criticks, foes to riſing merit:
Write but with fire and we 'll applaud with ſpirit.

Our Author aims at no diſhoneſt ends;
He knows no enemies and boaſts ſome friends:
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it,
So if you like it ſave it, if not—damn it.

AN ELEGY,

Written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwal.

Amidst theſe venerable drear remains
Of ancient grandeur muſing ſad I ſtray,
Around a melancholy ſilence reigns
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race:
Aloft his manſion roſe, around were ſeen
Extenſive gardens deck'd with ev'ry grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves, thro' all the ſeaſons green.

Ah! where is now its boaſted beauty fled?
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the ſky
And broken columns in confuſion ſpread
A rude miſshapen heap of ruins lie.

Of ſplendid rooms no traces here are found:
How are theſe tott'ring walls by time defac'd,
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapeſtry, with paintings grac'd!

In ancient times perhaps where now I tread
Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty ſpread
Her artful ſnares to captivate the ſoul.

Or here attended by a choſen train
Of innocent delight true Grandeur dwelt,
Diffuſing bleſſings o'er the diſtant plain,
Health, joy, and happineſs, by thouſands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns,
No gay gilt chariot hither marks the way,
No more with cheerful hopes the needy ſwains
At the once bounteous gate their viſits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled
Which ev'ry clime was ranſack'd to ſupply?
O'er the drear ſpot ſee deſolation ſpread,
And the diſmantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once with niceſt care
Arrang'd from op'ning bloſſoms ſhed perfume,
And thick with fruitage ſtood the pendent pear,
The ruddy colour'd peach and gloſſy plum.

Extinct is all the family of flow'rs;
In vain I ſeek the arbour's cool retreat,
Where ancient friends in converſe paſs'd the hours,
Defended from the raging Dogſtar's heat.

Along the terrace walks are ſtraggling ſeen
The prickly bramble and the noiſome weed,
Beneath whoſe covert crawls the toad obſcene,
And ſnakes and adders unmoleſted breed.

The groves where Pleaſure walk'd her rounds decay,
The mead untill'd a barren aſpect wears,
And where the ſprightly fawn was wont to play
O'ergrown with heath a dreary waſte appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below
Where oſiers ſpread a pond capacious ſtood,
From far by art the ſtream was taught to flow
Whoſe liquid ſtores ſupply'd th' unfailing flood.

Oft' here the ſilent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the ſcaly fry—
But periſh'd now are all the num'rous race,
Dumb is the fountain and the channel dry.

Here then, ye Great! behold th' uncertain ſtate
Of earthly grandeur—Beauty, ſtrength, and pow'r,
Alike are ſubject to the ſtroke of Fate,
And flouriſh but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no diſſolution fears,
Still permanent tho' ages roll away:
Who builds on her immortal baſis rears
A ſuperſtructure time can ne'er decay.

SONGS.

SONG I.

I.

THUS I said to my heart in a pet th' other day,
" I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;
" No throbbings no wishes your moments employ,
" But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy. 4

II.

" When Cloe perplex'd me 't was sweeter by half,
" And at Thais's wiles I could oftentimes laugh;
" Your burnings and akings I strove not to cure
" Tho' one was a jilt and the other a whore. 8

III.

" When I walk'd up the Mall or stroll'd thro' the street
" Not a petticoat brush'd me but then you could beat,
" Or if bang went the hoop against corner or post
" In the magical round you were sure to be lost. 12

IV.

" But now if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
" Like Adam unfallen you never perceive,
" Or the seat of delight if the tippet should hide
" You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside. 16

V.

" Is it caution or dread or the frost of old age
" That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?

" Tell me quickly the cauſe, for it makes me quite mad
" In the ſummer's gay ſeaſon to ſee you ſo ſad."

VI.

" Have a care," quoth my Heart, " how you tempt me to ſtray;
" He that hunts down a woman muſt run a d——d way;
" Like a hare ſhe can wind, or hold out with the fox,
" And ſecure in the chaſe her purſuers ſhe mocks.

VII.

" For Cloe I burnt with an innocent flame,
" And beat to the muſick that breath'd out her name;
" Three ſummers flew over the caſtles I built,
" And beheld me a fool and my goddeſs a jilt.

VIII.

" Next Thais the wanton my wiſhes employ'd,
" And the kind one repair'd what the cruel deſtroy'd;
" Like Shadrach I liv'd in a furnace of fire,
" But unlike him was ſcorch'd and compell'd to retire.

IX.

" Recruited once more I forgot all my pain,
" And was jilted, and burnt, and bedevil'd again;
" Not a petticoat fring'd or the heel of a ſhoe
" Ever paſs'd you by daylight but at it I flew.

X.

" Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
" For reſt I retreated again to be whole,
" But your eyes ever open to lead me aſtray
" Have beheld a new face and command me away.

XI.

"But remember in whatever flames I may burn
"'Twill be folly to ask for or wish my return;
"Neither Thais nor Cloe again shall inflame,
"But a nymph more provoking than all you can name."

XII.

This said with a bound from my bosom he flew;
O Phillis! these eyes saw him posting to you:
Enslav'd by your wit he grows fond of his chain,
And vows I shall never possess him again.

SONG II.

COLIN.

BE still O ye Winds! and attentive ye Swains!
'Tis Phebe invites and replies to my strains;
The sun never rose on, search all the world thro',
A shepherd so blest or a fair one so true. [throng!

PHEB. Glide softly ye Streams! O ye Nymphs round
'Tis Colin commands and attends to my song;
Search all the world over you never can find
A maiden so blest or a shepherd so kind.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the sun that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear,
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night and enlivens the day.

COL. With Phebe beside me the seasons how gay!
Then winter's bleak months seem as pleasant as May;

The ſummer's gay verdure ſprings ſtill as ſhe treads,
And linnets and nightingales ſing thro' the meads.

PHEB. When Colin is abſent 't is winter all round,
How faint is the ſunſhine, how barren the ground!
Inſtead of the linnet and nightingale's ſong
I hear the hoarſe raven croak all the day long.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the ſun, &c.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and Love ſhall be by;
Her Colin ſhall guard her ſafe all the long day,
And Phebe at night all his pains ſhall repay.

PHEB. By moonlight when ſhadows glide over the plain
His kiſſes ſhall cheer me, his arm ſhall ſuſtain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or ſleep in a churchyard, if Colin is near.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the ſun, &c.

COL. Ye Shepherds that wanton it over the plain
How fleeting your tranſports, how laſting your pain!
Inconſtancy ſhun, and reward the kind ſhe,
And learn to be happy of Phebe and me.

PHEB. Ye Nymphs! who the pleaſures of love never try'd,
Attend to my ſtrains and take me for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride and inconſtancy free,
And learn to be happy of Colin and me.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the ſun that gives light to the year,
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear,
Our pleaſures it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Gives joy to the night and enlivens the day.

SONG III.

I.

As Phillis the gay at the break of the day
Went forth to the meadows a Maying,
A clown lay asleep by a river so deep
That round in meanders was straying.

II.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning.
With cheeks of such hue that the rose wet with dew
Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

III.

She cull'd the new hay and down by him she lay,
Her wishes too warm for disguising;
She play'd with his eyes till he wak'd in surprise,
And blush'd like the sun at his rising.

IV.

She sung him a song as he lean'd on his prong,
And rested her arm on his shoulder;
She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
And taught his two arms to infold her.

V.

The rustick grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
And call'd her his Dear and his Blessing;
Together they stray'd, and sung, frolick'd, and play'd,
And what they did more there 's no guessing.

SONG IV.

HE.

Let rakes for pleaſure range the Town,
Or miſers dote on golden guineas,
Let Plenty ſmile or Fortune frown
The ſweets of love are mine and Jenny's.
SHE. Let wanton maids indulge deſire,
How ſoon the fleeting pleaſure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
And ſuch ſhall ſtill be mine and Johnny's.
BOTH. Together let us ſport and play,
And live in pleaſure where no ſin is;
The prieſt ſhall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.
HE. Let roving ſwains young hearts invade,
The pleaſure ends in ſhame and folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor believing ſimple Molly.
SHE. So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmleſs maids who marry,
But now ſhe finds her ſhepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithleſs Harry.
BOTH. But we 'll together, &c.
HE. By cooling ſtreams our flocks we 'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies,
Or fondly ſtray where Love ſhall lead,
And ev'ry joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let guilt the faithleſs boſom fright,
The conſtant heart is always bonny;
Content, and Peace, and ſweet Delight,
And Love, ſhall live with me and Johnny.
BOTH. Together ſtill we 'll ſport and play,
And live in pleaſure where no ſin is;
The prieſt ſhall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

SONG V.

I.

STAND round my brave Boys! with heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We 'll fight for our king, and as loyally ſing,
And let the world know we 'll be free.

CHORUS.

The rebels ſhall fly as with ſhouts we draw nigh,
And Echo ſhall victory ring,
Then ſafe from alarms we 'll reſt on our arms
And chorus it Long live the King!

II.

Then commerce once more ſhall bring wealth to our ſhore,
And plenty and peace bleſs the iſle;
The peaſant ſhall quaff off his bowl with a laugh
And reap the ſweet fruits of his toil.

CHORUS.

The rebels, &c.

III.

Kind love ſhall repay the fatigues of the day
And melt us to ſofter alarms;
Coy Phillis ſhall burn at her ſoldier's return
And bleſs the brave youth in her arms.

CHORUS.

The rebels ſhall fly as with ſhouts we draw nigh,
And Echo ſhall victory ring,
Then ſafe from alarms we 'll reſt on our arms
And chorus it Long live the King!

SONG VI.

I.

To make the wife kind and to keep the houſe ſtill
You muſt be of her mind let her ſay what ſhe will;
In all that ſhe does you muſt give her her way,
For tell her ſhe 's wrong and you lead her aſtray.

CHORUS.

Then Huſbands! take care, of ſuſpicion beware,
Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;
With confidence truſt them, and be not ſuch elves
As to make by your jealouſy horns for yourſelves.

II.

Abroad all the day if ſhe chuſes to roam [home;
Seem pleas'd with her abſence, ſhe 'll ſigh to come
The man ſhe likes beſt and longs moſt to get at
Be ſure to commend, and ſhe 'll hate him for that.

CHORUS.

Then Husbands! &c.

III.

What virtues she has you may safely oppose;
Whatever her follies are praise her for those:
Applaud all her schemes that she lays for a man,
For accuse her of vice and she 'll sin if she can.
CHORUS.
Then Husbands! take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

SONG VII.

DAMON.

Hark, hark! o'er the plains how the merry bells ring
Asleep while my charmer is laid;
The village is up and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.
PHIL. 'Tis hardly yet day and I cannot away;
O Damon! I am young and afraid:
To-morrow my Dear! I 'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid.
DAM. The bridemaids are met, and mamma 's on the fret;
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid:
Come open the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

PHIL. Dear Shepherd! forbear, and to-morrow I swear,
To-morrow I 'll not be afraid;
I 'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.
DAM. No, no, Phillis; no; on that bosom of snow
To-night shall your shepherd be laid:
By morning my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she 's no longer a maid.
PHIL. Then open the door, 't was unbolted before;
His bliss silly Damon delay'd:
To church let us go, and if there I say No,
O then let me die an old maid.

SONG VIII.

I.

THAT Jenny 's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
I dwell on her praises wherever I go:
They say I 'm in love, but I answer No, no.

II.

At ev'ning oft'times with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, "I 'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below!
But say not 't is love, for I answer No, no.

III.

She sings me a song and I echo each strain,
Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny! again

I kiſs her ſoft lips as if there I could grow,
And fear I 'm in love tho' I anſwer No, no.

IV.

She tells me her faults as ſhe ſits on my knee;
I chide her, and ſwear ſhe 's an angel to me:
My ſhoulder ſhe taps, and ſtill bids me think ſo.
Who knows but ſhe loves tho' ſhe tells me No, no?

V.

Yet ſuch is my temper, ſo dull am I grown,
I aſk not her heart but would conquer my own:
Her boſom's ſoft peace ſhall I ſeek to o'erthrow,
And wiſh to perſuade while I anſwer No, no?

VI.

From beauty, and wit, and good humour, ah! why
Should Prudence adviſe and compel me to fly?
Thy bounties O Fortune! make haſte to beſtow,
And let me deſerve her or ſtill I ſay No.

SONG IX.

I.

You tell me I 'm handſome, I know not how true,
And eaſy, and chatty, and good humour'd, too,
That my lips are as red as the roſebud in June,
And my voice like the nightingale's ſweetly in tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me muſt flatter me more.

II.

If beauty from virtue receive no ſupply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My eaſe and good humour ſhort raptures will bring,
And my voice like the nightingale's know but a ſpring:
For charms ſuch as theſe then your praiſes give o'er;
To love me for life you muſt love me for more. 12

III.

Then talk to me not of a ſhape or an air,
For Cloe the wanton can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good humour as ſunſhine the day;
For that if you love me your flame ſhall be true,
And I in my turn may be taught to love too. 18

SONG X.

I.

How bleſt has my time been, what days have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſe my own!
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs and roving a pain. 4

II.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we ſtray
Around us our boys and girls frolick and play;
How pleaſing their ſport is the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſe and me. 8

III.

To try her ſweet temper ſometimes am I ſeen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;

Tho' painful my abſence my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and ſmiles.

IV.

What tho' on her cheek the roſe loſes its hue,
Her eaſe and good humour bloom all the year thro';
Time ſtill as he flies brings increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.

V.

Ye Shepherds ſo gay! who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair,
In ſearch of true pleaſure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life you muſt find it at home.

SONG XI.

I.

HARK, hark! 't is a voice from the tomb;
"Come Lucy," it cries, "come away;
"The grave of thy Colin has room
"To reſt thee beſide his cold clay."
"I come my dear Shepherd! I come;
"Ye Friends and Companions! adieu;
"I haſte to my Colin's dark home,
"To die on his boſom ſo true."

II.

All mournful the midnight bell rung
When Lucy, ſad Lucy, aroſe,
And forth to the green turf ſhe ſprung
Where Colin's pale aſhes repoſe;

All wet with the night's chilling dew
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew
And night ravens croak'd all around.

III.

"How long my lov'd Colin!" she cry'd,
"How long must thy Lucy complain?
"How long shall the grave my love hide?
"How long ere it join us again?
"For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
"With thee o'er the world would she fly,
"For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
"For thee would she lie down and die.

IV.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
"Thy Lucy was once to her swain,
"Her face like the lily so fair,
"And eyes that gave light to the plain!
"The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
"That face and those eyes charm no more,
"And Lucy forgot and alone
"To death shall her Colin deplore."

V.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground.

" I hear the kind call and obey;
" Oh Colin! receive me," she cry'd;
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tombstone and dy'd.

SONG XII.

I.

For a shape, and a bloom, and an air, and a mien,
Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green,
But artfully wild and affectedly coy,
Those her beauties invited her pride would destroy.

II.

By the flocks as she stray'd with the nymphs of the vale
Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear his soft tale;
Tho' fatal the passion she laugh'd at the swain,
And return'd with neglect what she heard with disdain.

III.

But beauty has wings and too hastily flies,
And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies;
The nymph cur'd by time of her folly and pride
Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she deny'd.

IV.

No longer she frolicks it wide o'er the plain
To kill with her coyness the languishing swain;
So humbled her pride is, so soften'd her mind,
That tho' courted by none she to all would be kind.

SONG XIII.

I.

WHEN Damon languiſh'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how ſweet!
But ah! how ſwift they flew!
The ſunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endleſs love.

II.

The conqueſt gain'd he left his prize,
He left her to complain,
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And meaſure time by pain.
But Heav'n will take the mourner's part
In pity to deſpair,
And the laſt ſigh that rends the heart
Shall waft the ſpirit there.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Life of the Author,	5
Preface,	9
Dedication,	11

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

Fable I.	13
—— II.	16
—— III.	21
—— IV.	24
—— V.	26
—— VI.	28
—— VII.	32
—— VIII.	35
—— IX.	40
—— X.	43
—— XI.	46
—— XII.	49
—— XIII.	52
—— XIV.	56
—— XV.	70
—— XVI.	89

ODES.

The Discovery, an Ode,	103
Ode, to Garrick,	108

MISCELLANIES.

The Trial of Selim the Persian,	113
The Trial of Sarah ***, alias Slim Sal,	126
Envy and Fortune, a Tale,	135

Page

To the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, the Petition of the Company of Poets and Newſwriters, 139
The Lover and the Friend, 141
The Nun, a Cantata, 143
Solomon, a Serenata, in three Parts. Part I. 145
——————————— Part II. 149
——————————— Part III. 152
A Hymn to Poverty, 154
Prologue to Gil Blas, 155
Elegy written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwal, 157

SONGS.

Song I. "Thus I ſaid to my heart," &c. 160
Song II. "Be ſtill O ye Winds!" &c. 162
Song III. "As Phillis the gay," &c. 164
Song IV. "Let rakes for pleaſure range," &c. 165
Song V. "Stand round my brave Boys!" &c. 166
Song VI. "To make the wife kind," &c. 167
Song VII. "Hark, hark! o'er the plains," &c. 168
Song VIII. "That Jenny 's my friend," &c. 169
Song IX. "You tell me I am handſome," &c. 170
Song X. "How bleſt has my time been," &c. 171
Song XI. "Hark, hark! 't is a voice," &c. 172
Song XII. "For a ſhape, and a bloom," &c. 174
Song XIII. "When Damon languiſh'd," &c. 175

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Page

To the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, the Petition of the Commons of Portsmouth and Newwarkes, 139
The Lover and the Friend, 141
The Nun, a Cantata, 143
Solomon, a Serenata, in three Parts. Part I. 145
——— Part II. 149
——— Part III. 152
A Hymn to Poverty, 154
Prologue to Cid Gias, 155
Epigram written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwal, 157

SONGS.

Song I. "Thus I bid to my heart," &c. 160
Song II. "Be still O ye Winds!" &c. 162
Song III. "As Phillis the gay," &c. 164
Song IV. "Let rakes for pleasure range," &c. 165
Song V. "Stand round my brave Boys," &c. 166
Song VI. "To make the wife kind," &c. 167
Song VII. "Hark, hark! o'er the plains," &c. 168
Song VIII. "That Jenny's my friend," &c. 169
Song IX. "You tell me I am handsome," &c. 170
Song X. "How ill it has my time been," &c. 171
Song XI. "Hark, hark! 'tis a voice," &c. 172
Song XII. "For a dance, and a bloom," &c. 174
Song XIII. "When Damon languish'd," &c. 175

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